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WOODSTOCK LETTERS

A RECORD

Of Current Events and Historical Notes connected with the Colleges and Missions of the Soc. of Jesus in North and South America.

VOL. XVI.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE

1887.

FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

ERRATA : p. 8, line 39 instead of *new worship* read *hero worship*
" 9 " 27 " " *were* read *where*
" 16 " 31 " " *advisibility* read *advisability*

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WOODSTOCK LETTERS

VOL. XVI, No. 1.

FATHER BERNARD A. MAGUIRE.

A SKETCH.

From the cheering feast day of St. Francis Borgia, in 1806, when our Society began a new life in the new world by opening her novitiate at Georgetown, few men have arisen among us of whom we can be more proud than Fr. Bernard A. Maguire. Though not born in America, he grew up here, and was an American in education and sympathy. Whatever he had of power as a ruler, piety as a religious, and magnetism as a preacher of God's word was discovered, nurtured and developed by the training of the Society in this country. Others have been remarkable in some particular sphere, few were so versatile as he.

Father Maguire was born February 11th, 1818, in Edgeworthtown, County Longford, Ireland. He was proud of his native land, making no secret of it, even when addressing people whose prejudices were strong. His parents came to the United States when he was six years old, and settled on the line of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, near Frederick, Maryland. Fr. John McElroy used in those days to minister to the spiritual wants of the Catholics engaged on the public works. On his visits to the Maguires he was always attracted by one bright lad, Bernard, in whom his quick insight into character detected the makings of a priest of God. There were other boys in the family, but God had

not chosen them to do His work before men. Fr. McElroy resolved to give every means of education in his power to the young aspirant to the priesthood, and took him to the residence of the Fathers in Frederick. Here Fr. Maguire was entered as a student in St. John's College, then quite renowned as a seat of learning. Fr. McElroy, as president of the College, must have been highly pleased when he heard the favorable reports about his *protegé;* how even then in his teens he began to show forth the power that one day would be remarkable. St. John's was well equipped in those years. Frs. Aloysius Young and Virgil Barber were the chief professors; though Father Maguire's rudimentary training was directed for a time by a Mr. Kelly, who afterwards became a secular priest and was the founder of St. Peter's Church in Jersey City.

In looking over some old programmes of the College, we notice two names: Bernard A. Maguire and Enoch Louis Lowe. These two youths stood high in their classes, and always took prominent parts in the school exhibitions as declaimers. Both in after life were noted for their eloquence, but in far different roles. One after finishing his education in Stonyhurst returned to his native state and gave his energies to the law and to public life, and was a leader of men for years; the other called by the grace of God to a sublime place of work, gave himself to God, entered the Society, and became a leader of men too. The one was admired and served, but is now scarcely remembered; the other was admired and loved, and his memory will last; though dead, he still liveth. Those who do God's work will be rewarded, and in this world their memory will be in benediction.

Fr. Maguire entered the Society September 20th, 1837, and had as his spiritual guide Fr. Dzierozynski for the time of his noviceship. How well our novice profited by the lessons and example of his master, who even when a young man in White Russia was looked upon by the older Fathers as a model, may be easily surmised from the tenor of his career. In 1839 and 1840, Fr. Maguire was studying rhetoric at Georgetown under Fr. George Fenwick, and we must believe, that this able teacher did a great deal to form the future orator of the Province.

From the old Catalogues we can follow Fr. Maguire step by step in his course through philosophy, teaching and prefecting, not that these duties came singly, for in those days Ours were expected to be many-handed and many-sided. In 1840–41, he studied philosophy, and was at the same

time prefect in Georgetown; in 1841–42, he continued his study and was not called upon to act as prefect; in 1842–43, he was in Frederick as teacher of mathematics and prefect at St. John's College; at the same time, he had charge of the library and museum. During the year 1843–44, he is again at Georgetown as teacher of the first class of grammar, and the third class of mathematics; these duties he continued with the variety at one time of a French class, except during 1845–46, when he was relieved from the grammar class in order to be prefect. Finally, after all these employments that in our days would be work enough for two men, he began his last preparation for the priesthood in 1846. His theological course, however, was interrupted now and then, as he had to supply for others; in 1849–50, he was catechist for the students. In the performance of this latter duty, he gave himself no respite. The students who heard him remember the effects of his words to this day. All saw that the promises of a brilliant career were to be realized.

Fr. Maguire was ordained September 27th, 1851, by Bishop McGill of Richmond. The reason of the delay in the ordination is easily accounted for. During the third year of his theology a rebellion took place among the students, seventy of whom withdrew from the college. By the tact of a venerable Father now in Philadelphia peace was restored by an unconditional surrender of the rebels, and Mr. Maguire was appointed first prefect, and under his prudent and firm management the affairs of the College were again in a flourishing state. After his third year of probation under Fr. Felix Cicaterri, in 1851–52, Fr. Maguire, then in his thirty-fourth year, was made Rector of Georgetown College by the Provincial, and his action was confirmed by Very Rev. Father General, January 25th, 1853.

As Rector of the chief College of the Province the subject of this sketch soon brought his charge to a flourishing condition. Never before was Georgetown so well patronized; never was her fair name in better keeping. The students idolized their president; they were proud of him before the world; their new worship was lavished without stint. Nevertheless they feared and respected him, and on one notable occasion he showed them that he was their master. Some unruly students attempted another rebellion and for a few hours gave no little annoyance to the authorities. The president appeared in the pulpit at breakfast the next morning, and made so telling and terrifying an address that the uprising was brought to an end. The writer of

this sketch remembers hearing the students, some time afterwards, speaking of the event and how they had terror struck to their souls by what was said to them. Fr. Maguire was firm, severe at times; he always overawed us by his dignity, and yet elicited admiration for his personal magnetism. During his administration several improvements were made. A more commodious building was erected for the Junior department; the teaching of the College was put on a better footing,and the literary and dramatic societies were encouraged. To the outside world one of the great attractions was the College cadets on their grand parade through Washington, when invited to a reception by the President of the United States, or by a member of his Cabinet. All things tended to make Georgetown popular and ran up the roll of students to over three hundred. The students themselves were well pleased with their president and their Alma Mater. Everything was done to foster this spirit. There were dramatic entertainments, celebrations of the national holidays, festivities of the literary societies. Those who were in Georgetown under Fr. Maguire can recall the monthly reading of the "marks," as we termed the exercise. What sarcasm for delinquents, what praise bestowed on the meritorious! The refrain was, "you are students of Georgetown College; you must so act that you may be an honor to this institution, and to your parents who think it no ordinary matter for their sons to be graduated here." But the day of all days was the commencement; the congratulations and farewell of the president which he gave in his usual style from the stage are remembered to this day.

On October 5th, 1858, Fr. John Early succeeded Fr. Maguire who was then transferred to St. Joseph's, Baltimore. Here he was for the first time engaged in parish work, and very soon won the applause of all for his oratorical gifts—not that he had not already acquired a reputation as a preacher and lecturer. But it was in St. Aloysius, Washington, that he became most widely known. From 1859 to the end of 1864, he had in his audiences many of the representative men of the country, and his reputation as a pulpit orator became national. Not a few of his Protestant hearers in all walks of life were brought to the faith, and the Catholics themselves greatly strengthened in their belief by listening to his discourses, especially the doctrinal ones, which were delivered for the most part during Lent. There is no denying the power he exercised for good during those years. As Very Rev Father Provincial said at the funeral of Fr. Maguire, "critics might complain, but the people were moved,

and if the end of all oratory be to move the hearts of the people, and of all sacred oratory to urge them heavenward, where was the one who could surpass Father Bernard Maguire?"

Towards the end of 1864, Fr. Maguire was sent to Frederick as a missioner. During this and the following year he gave most successful missions in Maryland and Virginia. The number of converts to the faith was surprising, and they were from the richest and the poorest. I have met many of them who since their conversion have always been fervent Catholics. Their admiration and affection for the one who under God brought them to the Church was unbounded. But obedience called him again to the College where he had spent so many years as teacher, prefect, and Rector. This was a trying epoch in the history of Georgetown. The war had almost ruined it. The class-rooms were empty, and some said they would never be filled again. In January, 1866, the new president was installed, and before the end of his term in July, 1870, the College was again quite flourishing under his magnetic touch. The roll of students ran up to two hundred, and there was the same spirit as in former years.

From 1870 to May 1875, Fr. Maguire was pastor of St. Aloysius' Church. Fr. John Early who had formerly succeeded him in the rectorship of Georgetown, was again appointed to the same office. In Washington the pastor of St. Aloysius' was among his old friends and admirers, and very soon there was a great change in the attendance of the congregation. He preached generally twice a month at the High Mass, and often at other times. All saw that his speech was none the less gifted for his retirement from parish duty.

Fr. Maguire was now in his fifty-seventh year and had done, some might say, his life-work, but other and greater and more fruitful triumphs were in the future. The May of 1875 saw him beginning his career as a missioner which was to last until disease in 1884 should bid him halt. The *Catholic Standard* of Philadelphia pays this tribute to him:

"Though pre-eminently successful in the performance of the duties of these positions, he was now about to enter regularly upon the most useful period of his glorious career, that of the ten years of his continuous missionary labors. He had already given many detached Missions during the leisure time of his previous duties, and had made for himself a reputation as a great preacher. Even before his ordination he was a brilliant orator,—so long previously, in fact, that in August, 1844, six years before he became a priest,

he preached his first sermon in St. Joseph's, Philadelphia. We are uncertain as to whether that was his first sermon anywhere; but it is at least worthy of remark that his last public discourse was delivered there, where his voice was often heard in the meantime and whence he went forth to die, leaving his work apparently unfinished, but certainly having long since earned the reward of a crown of glory.

"He was, perhaps, the most successful missioner on this continent, and as a pulpit orator his equal may not soon be seen among us. For carrying on the work of the Missions, both among the learned and the unlearned, he had no rival. In all parts of the United States and even in Canada he gave Missions as a perfect stranger to those to whom he came to preach, and the multitudes flocked to him, often blocking up the space even outside large churches, as was notably the case in a San Francisco church which is one of the most spacious in the country. Many of his admirers are known to have studied him in order to find out the secret of his success, which might be said to consist of simplicity combined with choice selection of language, apostolic freedom of speech and remarkable earnestness of delivery."

Admirers studied Fr. Maguire's style of oratory, and I think this writer has hit the mark. The old darkey in Maryland who said, "Priest Maguire is a grand preacher; he is a rapid (*eloquent*) speaker, and I can understand every word he says," gave a better criticism than he was aware of. As Very Rev. Father Provincial said in his funeral address, "his eloquence was conspicuous even then among the college (Georgetown) lads. But when he came forth from that scientific seclusion, and began his public life, *quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?* I might almost say what city on the Atlantic border has not heard of him, profited by his labors, and reaped a part of the graces which he had bestowed." It is not my intention to pursue this criticism any further. I could tell even of his early success as a scholastic; how in lower Maryland a prominent Protestant was converted by a sermon by Mr. Maguire; how the whole country about Newtown and Leonardtown was carried away by the eloquence of the young student. I could tell of years of observation of his success as a missioner, but enough has been said by others, and better said. The *Providence Journal*, a leading paper of the country, gives me a fitting conclusion to this part of my sketch:—

"Father Maguire was a recognized orator. His strikingly ascetic appearance commanded at once the reverent attention of his audience, and his argumentative powers, logical

reasoning and the truthful imagery with which he clothed his theme, seconded by his fervid eloquence, carried conviction to the heart of the unbeliever, and strengthened the faith of the wavering. Wherever he preached his memory lives, and thousands to-day will read with unfeigned regret of the demise of this great and good man, who has gone down to an honored grave. He has left an enviable record; forgetful of himself, he studied the welfare of his fellow-man. His mission was to bring peace where discord reigned, solace to the sorrowing, joy to those in sadness and light to those who sat in the shadows of unbelief. His life mission is over, and the harvest of his good works garnered. Long will the tears of the widow and the orphan fall on his hallowed grave, long will the prayers of those who loved him be breathed over the sacred spot where the black-robed warrior sleeps in the peace of God."

Fr. Maguire began a retreat in St. Joseph's on Passion Sunday of this year. He had finished a triduum for men in the Cathedral, Baltimore, and was considerably fatigued. Though suffering, he spoke with his wonted vigor; on the third day he was engaged in the confessional, as he preferred in his zeal to hear those who chose to confess to him. In the afternoon his physicians came and put an end to his work by ordering him to retire to his room. Their skill could not cope with his malady. At his own request and with the advice of his medical attendants, he was taken to St. Joseph's Hospital were for a few days he seemed to improve. But death was near, a crisis came, and all hope was lost. The last rites were administered by one who had known him for years, and on the 26th day of April he passed away to his reward.

As a ruler, Fr. Maguire was firm and strict. He wanted men to be at their post. The writer of these lines was as a student, a scholastic, and a priest under him as Superior, and found him always a sincere, earnest, and a kind man. As a religious he was a model in many things; he was eminently a man of prayer and believed in the efficacy of it in his apostolic labors. Many a time have I heard him say when there was question of shortening some of the religious exercises during a mission, "don't do it; rather shorten the sermon; prayer will do more good." During his last retreat in Philadelphia it was suggested that the Mass should begin a few minutes earlier in order that the business and professional men might have time to reach their offices after hearing the instruction. He objected to this arrangement, saying that he was afraid they might not hear all of

the Mass, as that would do them more good than his instruction. In all of his missionary labors he trusted more in prayer than in anything else. It was prayer always: the children, the orphans, the Sisters, all had to pray for the success of the work. As an end to my sketch I may say that our Province met with a great loss in Father Maguire's death. J. A. M.

MANITOBA.

Letter from St. Boniface College.

Dear Reverend Father,

P. C.

In answer to your request for information about our College of St. Boniface, the first thing that naturally suggests itself is the whereabouts. Where in the world are we? We are in the small town of St. Boniface, on the right bank of the Red River, opposite Winnipeg, which is built at the confluence of the Assiniboine with the Red River. As the crow flies, or as runs the fiftieth parallel, we are just half way between the Pacific Ocean and the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Though St. Boniface is now a mere village compared to Winnipeg, it was for many years the more populous settlement. The first permanent mission was established here in 1818 by a zealous Canadian priest, Fr. Provencher, who was consecrated Bishop *in partibus* of Juliopolis in 1822, and created titular Bishop of St. Boniface in 1847. On his arrival here sixty-eight years ago, he immediately began to train a few boys with a view to classical studies, and ever since that date this first germ of St. Boniface College has been kept alive, and, of late years, has been steadily growing. This early origin enables us to rank first among the three colleges that constitute the working body of the University of Manitoba, the Church of England College, which comes next in order of seniority, having been begun only in 1821, while the Presbyterians, who manage the third of the associated colleges, made their first appearance at the Red River Settlement in 1851.

Before the Riel Provisional Government in 1870, Winnipeg was nothing but a straggling hamlet grouped around

Fort Garry. Soon after that date, however, the tide of emigration from Ontario and Quebec went on swelling every year till the end of 1882. While those that spoke French settled at St. Boniface and in the neighboring parishes long since established, the Ontario people built up Winnipeg and started new towns and villages in places that were, generally speaking, further away than the French parishes from this, the central depression of the Lake Winnipeg water-system.

Who has not heard of the great Winnipeg "boom" in 1882? Wages were fabulously high, property ran up to fancy prices, almost every man in St. Boniface and Winnipeg thought he was going to become a millionaire. There was one man who didn't, who held aloof as long as he could from all sales, and who, in the end, when the financial tornado had whirled away almost everybody else's means, was left with two hundred thousand dollars to the good. This was our venerable Archbishop. Only when buyers harassed him did he consent to yield up a small portion of those church lands which he had wisely secured before they were supposed to have any special value. With the proceeds he paid his debts and then built the College we now occupy and the Convent boarding-school. These two are substantial, whitish brick, four-story buildings. Ours is 120 x 60 feet. Its high French roof makes it the most conspicuous object in St. Boniface. We are surrounded on all sides by a grove of trees, chiefly poplar and small oak, averaging about twenty-five feet in height. Giant shrubs you will say. Yes; but as trees go in this prairie land, they are not bad specimens. They don't give any shade to speak of; but they break the monotony of the plain.

Before these twenty-two acres which we now enjoy had been made into college grounds, when classic Bonifacians read "the deathless bards of Greece and Rome" in a wooden, two-story structure still known as "le vieux collège," Winnipeg had grown ambitious. The Presbyterians from Ontario wanted something like the Toronto University. The Anglicans of St. John's College, many of whom were trained in English Universities, could not be ignored. And, if they were taken into the compact, the Catholic ecclesiastical authorities, whose influence on the early development of Manitoba was far greater than that of the Anglicans, must not be overlooked. Archbishop Taché especially was too closely identified with the Red River country and its educational plans to be left out in the cold. Thanks to dauntless energy combined with tact and forbearance he had succeeded in

convincing the Protestants themselves that they must, if they valued their own religious tenets as against infidelity, maintain the denominational system which many of them were trying to discard in favor of unsectarian or common schools. Without doubt it was his clear-sightedness and unselfishness that finally brought Anglicans and Presbyterians to consent to a scheme of higher education, which Catholics could conscientiously use for want of a better.

This scheme is embodied in what is called the University Act of Manitoba, the preamble of which begins thus: "Whereas it is desirable to establish one University for the whole of Manitoba (on the model of the University of London), for the purpose of raising the standard of higher education in the Province, and of enabling all denominations and classes to obtain academical degrees; therefore, her Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Legislative Assembly of Manitoba, enacts as follows," etc.

Thus the University of Manitoba is essentially an examining body. Each of the incorporated colleges manages its own internal affairs quite independently. The perfection of the theory would be reached if all examiners were not at the same time professors. But in practice, owing to the scarcity of men, almost all the examiners are professors. In this respect we are better off than either of the other colleges, because we have the invaluable assistance of two very able secular priests who were formerly at the head of this College and yet who have now no professorial functions at all. One of them the Rev. G. Cloutier, is the mainspring of our rather complicated machinery; he is a walking reference-book on all University matters, as our Protestant colleagues frankly acknowledge. The other, the Rev. A. A. Cherrier is a man of varied gifts and scholarly attainments, who has been, year after year, elected Chairman of the Board of Studies of the University.

This Board, which, practically is the life of the University, deals with all the details of Examinations, though its decisions are often subject to the approval of the Council. Its members for this year, 1886–7, are Father Cherrier and myself, elected by St. Boniface College Corporation. Father Cloutier and Archdeacon Pinkham who represent respectively, the Catholic and Protestant sections of the Board of Education for this province, Canons O'Meara and Matheson, who are elected by St. John's College, the Rev. Dr. Bryce and the Rev. Professor Hart, elected by Manitoba College, and Dr. Kerr, representative of the Medical College. This last college is a comparatively recent addition to the Univer-

sity. Other colleges may be affiliated in the same way, provided they be "in operation and possessed of the requisite buildings, and a sufficient staff of professors" (University Act of Manitoba, XXVIII). The Methodists, who count the present Lieutenant-Governor as one of their most active members, have long been trying to start a college of their own; but their funds are short.

The Chancellor of the University is Dr. Machray, the Anglican Bishop of Rupert's Land, whose cathedral is at Winnipeg. The present Vice-Chancellor is the Hon. Joseph Royal, one of our Montreal (St. Mary's College) students, and always a faithful friend to Ours. The Registrar is also a French Canadian Catholic. Prominent among the members of the University Council is His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface. Our Rector, Rev. Fr. Lory, is also a member besides the three priests I have named as belonging to the Board of Studies, and three Catholic laymen, one of whom is a Minister in the Manitoba Cabinet and another a Judge in the Superior Court. All these Catholic members have but one mind, and that the Archbishop's. Hence it is that we are enabled to exercise upon University affairs an influence more than proportionate to our numerical strength. When an important question is up for discussion in the Council, His Grace tells us what line we should take, and himself, if need be, urges his point with an earnestness which the dissentient members seldom resist. As he has seen this country grow from a wilderness into a garden, and is gifted with a marvellous memory, he knows the past history of every one of the Protestant members of the Council, and so he can detect "danger ahead" where an unwary new-comer would see nothing but a plausible, harmless change. He has not forgotten those early prejudices which it needed all his patience to overcome in past years; and, though the crafty heretic may have doffed his frown to don a smile, the prudent Archbishop is never off his guard. I confess to having thought him at first too distrustful of those Anglican dignitaries and Presbyterian ministers, who seemed to me so straight-forward, so affable, sometimes even so cordial. That some of them may be all that, I still hold; but I have found by experience that others are not to be trusted in the dark. Gentlemen they all are and very considerate; but after many long hours spent in conference with them with all the freedom that arises from the certainty that neither faith nor morals would ever be impugned by them in the course of our conversation, I generally come away with a feeling of deep sadness at the sight of the essential worldli-

ness of Protestantism. No wonder we have had to invent, from the French, the phrase "human respect;" Protestants are so steeped in it that they forget its existence, as an eupeptic man forgets the existence of the stomach that makes him sprightly. "What people will say" is their great criterion of right and wrong. It serves them in stead of justice and truth.

However, considering the discordant elements, the harmony in the Council, and Board of Studies has always been, on the whole, surprising. Ten years ago, when the University sprang into being a new and unique creation, Lord Dufferin said it would be a fiasco. He thought the divergencies between the three religious bodies would make the scheme unworkable. Quite lately, Sir John Macdonald, while on a visit to the Archbishop, expressed his surprise at the continuance of so unusual a "happy family." No doubt, the secret of this success is the wide range of subjects on which we agree to differ. Thus our Statute 13 reads as follows:—"If the majority of the Representatives of any affiliated College object to the prescribing of any book or part of a book for examination in any subject, such book or part of a book shall not be made obligatory on any student of that College, but another book may be substituted on the proposition of that College, provided it be considered by the Council as equivalent to the other." This, of course, enables us to exclude all Protestant histories, and to get our boys examined in such thoroughly Catholic histories as Chantrel's. But the University Act, which is the ground-work of our Constitution, gives us still wider elbow-room: for it provides that the examination may be answered in either the English or the French language, and "that it shall not be lawful for any member of the Council to impose on any person any compulsory religious examination or test, nor to do, or cause, or suffer to be done, anything that would render it necessary or advisable, with a view to academical success or distinction, that any person should pursue the study of any materialistic or sceptical system of logic, or mental or moral philosophy."

The option of answering in French is of vital importance to St. Boniface College: for, though the majority of our bigger boys can speak and understand the English of daily wants and of baseball, hardly any of them could answer examination questions in decent English. The provision for freedom in religious teaching and in philosophy gives us full scope to work up to the true standards of the Society's teaching.

In order to make this clear, I must first explain the nature of the different examinations. The Preliminary Examination enables any student, who is not a member of any college, to matriculate as a member of the University. Those who are members of a college need not go up for the Preliminary; but, in point of fact, many do, both because of the stimulus afforded by competition with other colleges, and especially because they hope to win one of the four scholarships—two of $100 each, and two of $60 each—awarded to the most successful competitors. A good student of the class called "Classics" at Fordham and St. Francis Xavier's, New York — I give these two instances because these are the only American Colleges in which I have had some experience—could easily pass this examination, provided he knew the first two books of Euclid.

The Previous Examination is open to any student who has passed the Preliminary, or who lodges with the Registrar of the University, a certificate from the Head of one of the Colleges that he has completed in that College the required course of study. "The required course of study" is a very elastic term, and of its limits we are the sole judges. Thus, last year, when we undertook the management of this College, we retained for the nonce the division our predecessors had established, which allowed four years only to the study of the classics; whereas at the beginning of the present term we wedged in another year, so as to have *Infima Media* and *Suprema Grammatica*, besides *Humanitates* and *Rhetorica*, according to the *Ratio Studiorum*. Our students go up for their Previous at the end of Rhetoric. Hitherto they had not been advised to meddle with the Preliminary, which, as I have said, is not necessary for college students but only for outsiders. This year, however, as we have no students in Rhetoric, we are preparing candidates for the Preliminary. Were it not for the Mathematics which are particularly stiff, our boys would find the Previous easy work. The Latin and Greek subjects—Æneid, book II, Sallust's Catiline, Cicero's Pro Lege Manilia, the first book of the Iliad, the second book of the Anabasis, and the first Philippic of Demosthenes—find them equal and often superior to any of their rivals from other places. Nor does the Botany, which is the only Natural Science subject, give them much trouble. And as for Precepts of Literature, their proficiency not unfrequently startles the examiners from the other colleges. The year before last one of our students, who is now in his second year of Philosophy, gained two scholarships, though, according to the regulations of the

University, he could keep but one. I need hardly say that he chose the more valuable of the two. For the Previous eight scholarships are awarded, two of $80 each, three of $100 each, and three of $60 each.

This Previous Examination is absolutely indispensable for all who want to take their B. A. or LL. B. For the M. D. a special entrance examination is required, in which there is far less Latin and Mathematics, and the matriculant may choose some easy Greek, or some German, or Balfour Stewart's Physics.

The Final Examination, which cannot be taken sooner than two years after the Previous, may bear on a general course, and then the successful candidate receives the "Ordinary B. A." degree, or on an Honor Course in such special branch or study as the University may from time to time establish. Five of these Honor Courses are already established: Mathematical Honors, Classical Honors, Natural Science Honors, Mental and Moral Science Honors, Modern Languages Honors. Last May the first candidates appeared for this Literary Course: two from Manitoba College and one from St. John's. Having been one of the three examiners, I can testify to the surprising excellence of two out of the three sets of papers. To expedite matters, the Anglican Dean Grisdale and I met at the Presbyterian minister, Dr. Bryce's house, and spent, on two or three different occasions, several hours at a stretch in comparing notes on these papers. As the subjects ranged from Chaucer to Spenser, Shakespeare, Bacon, Addison and Steele, it was like taking a fresh dip in the Pierian Spring.

In the course of last year a discussion arose in the Council of the University as to the advisibility of making the "Ordinary B. A." examination more difficult. The Chancellor, who is a graduate of Aberdeen and of Cambridge, and who, being unmarried, still holds a Fellowship in some college at Cambridge, opposed any change. The reason he gave was that this examination is quite as severe as the Cambridge examination for pass B. A.

However, it carries with it less prestige than the Honor Courses: it spreads itself over too many and too various studies, and does not favor those special talents which it is the business of true educators to foster; it gives to Philosophy hardly a fourth of the total value of the marks; and, therefore, it would interfere too seriously with the Society's course of training. For these or for cognate reasons the students of St. Boniface have always gone in for the Mental and Moral Science Honors, the other Honor Courses

being open to the grave objection that they omit philosophy altogether, and that all, except the Classical, drop the use of Latin. Moreover, the choice of this philosophical course ensures our having two years of philosophy, because one part only of the subjects can be taken each year.

Though the other Honor Courses do not include philosophy, still, just as all graduates must have that knowledge of Greek and Latin which the Previous is meant to test them in, so some philosophy, some natural science, and some higher mathematics are required of all graduates. This is secured by what are called the Compulsory Pass Subjects. Every candidate for honors — whatever may be the course he elects to study— must write a paper on each of the following subjects: Plane Trigonometry, Elementary Statics, Elementary Hydrostatics, Inorganic Chemistry, Logic and Ethics. The two last named papers need not be distinct from the Honor papers in Philosophy, since the latter contain the former *eminenter*.

The Mental and Moral Science Honors Course is twofold. The Protestants use their own authors and answer in English. We use our Catholic text-books, and our boys write their papers in Latin or French. For Logic, Metaphysics and Natural Theology, we follow Signoriello's Compendium of Sanseverino; for Ethics, Signoriello; for Political Economy, Hervé-Barzin. We also give our students the substance of the Sulpician Vallet's admirable Histoire de la Philosophie. In theory the papers of the students in Philosophy from the three colleges are examined by all the three Philosophy examiners; but in practice the examiners from Manitoba College and St. John's only make a pretence, if even they go that far, of looking at the answers of our students. The fact is that, barring Logic and some portions of Ethics, their course is mainly a history of the opinions of Locke, Reid, Hamilton, Paley, Kant and Mill, and therefore puts them quite out of court in scholastic questions. Besides they are not accustomed to read the Latin of the schools; and the French language, in which our students write their Political Economy and History of Philosophy papers, would be very hard reading to most of these learned divines, especially when, as happened last spring, a St. Boniface candidate's paper runs on into twenty-six foolscap pages of well-digested technicalities. So our colleagues simply trust to our fairness in awarding marks.

The University having as yet no buildings of its own, the examinations take place in some public hall, and extend

over a fortnight, morning and evening. The time allowed for each paper is three hours. During that time the examiners take turns to preside and see that there is no cheating. Fancy a Jesuit acting as prefect over some ninety young men, of whom only seven were Catholics. It was a novel experience to us last May; but we soon got used to it; and the examinees are all so busy that there is really no trouble. Only, one day I was somewhat staggered when I found I was the only available examiner who could preside over the examinations at the Protestant Central School, and that my wards for a brief space were four boys and seven girls competing for the Isbister prizes. They too worked hard and silently and didn't seem to be in any way disturbed by my cassock. For you must know that we go about everywhere in full regimentals just as in Montreal, despite the fact that out of Winnipeg's 20,000 inhabitants not more than 2000 are Catholics, and that the Protestants come from that bitterest of all heretical strongholds, Ontario. We, i. e., the Catholics, were in possession when they came, and we have no intention of showing the white feather now. Nor should we gain anything thereby. Notwithstanding sundry jokes about "things in a dress with a man's hat on," jokes that none but young scamps indulge in, priests are highly respected here. When I say "here," I don't mean St. Boniface only, which is just like any of the thoroughly Catholic towns of Lower Canada, like St. Hyacinthe, for instance; but I include Winnipeg and, in general, the North West Territories of Canada.

As the Catholics, who are the only feeders of our College, are but one fifth of the population of Manitoba, twenty thousand out of not quite a hundred thousand, and as most of our people have very little ready cash, the number of our undergraduates and graduates is necessarily small. St. John's College has considerably more, and the Presbyterian Church has the largest number in its Manitoba College. But on the score of quality we are at the top of the list. At the last Annual Meeting for the conferring of degrees, which took place with no little "pomp and circumstance" in the Hall of the Manitoba Legislative Assembly, five out of our six candidates took scholarships, and the sixth came out "first class" in Classics and Botany, and "second class" in Mathematics and French. It seldom happens that any of our boys are found in the "third class." On the contrary, Manitoba College generally crowds its big batallions into the "third class." "Numbers and noise" is a motto that would suit it well. Note that in the Pass Courses, 25 per cent. of the marks is

enough for a "third class," while in the Honor subjects 40 per cent. is required. "Second class" means from 40 to 67 per cent. exclusively. "First class" implies 67 per cent. or any percentage above, up to full marks. Our four philosophers last spring had the highest marks in the whole University. Not only were they all "first class"; but in one branch, Inorganic Chemistry, they were the only "first class," one St. John's College man being "second class", and the fourteen others from the two Protestant Colleges herding together in the "third class". It is worth noting too that our graduates are mere boys of eighteen or nineteen at most, while the Protestants often send up experienced schoolmasters or professional men on the shady side of thirty.

Some of these are members of other universities, for whose benefit the 27th Section of the University Act provides that "members of any other University within Her Majesty's dominions shall be exempt from the preliminary examination . . . and may be admitted by the Council of the University *ad eundem statum* and *ad eundem gradum*". By the way, these last words remind me that the degrees are, of course, conferred in Latin, and that the candidate is presented to the Chancellor, who wears over his Anglican Episcopal apron and gaiters a scarlet cloak (said bishop being over six feet three), with a Latin formula pronounced by one of the dons of the College from which the candidate hails. The Protestant performers in this imposing ceremony use that time honored English pronunciation which would have made a Roman shiver; and so, for example, the word *Academia* is rung out to the tune of *Jeremiah.*

Some three years ago the late Mr. Isbister, a Manitoban half-breed, who was for many years editor of the London (Eng.) *Journal of Education*, left eighty thousand dollars to the Province of Manitoba, declaring in his will that the interest of this handsome bequest should be employed for the encouragement of education without distinction of creed or nationality. His executors have since arranged that two parts of this revenue be apportioned to pupils of any school in the Province or North-West Territories, and that the third shall be given in scholarships or prizes to pupils either entering or at the University. This explains the existence of those scholarships I spoke of in connection with the University examinations. The other resources of the University are very slender. Still it is enabled to give its examiners some compensation for the very serious labor many of them have to get through in the month of May. Our three examiners received in the course of the summer about $170

in all, and Fr. Cloutier, who did the lion's share, must have received a good deal more than any of Ours. It is not much; but in our poverty we are thankful for the smallest dues.

And now I must bring this rambling screed, written as it was by snatches, to a close. If you want any more information, or if what I have given is not clear, pump me and I will try again. But all your holy students at Woodstock should pray for the success of our work here. The place is small in numbers, but great in potencies. We have touched the bottom of the commercial depression that followed after the "boom," and are slowly floating upwards to prosperity. Pray that souls, too, may rise with the rising flood.

Your humble servant in Christ,

LEWIS DRUMMOND, S. J.

LETTERS FROM A CHAPLAIN IN THE WAR OF 1861.

(*First Letter.*)

STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK BAY, N. Y.
June 13th, 1861.

VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER TELLIER,
P. C.

Though the Regiment has been in a pretty fair state of organization for the last six weeks, prepared and anxious to start for the seat of war, it was only this morning we were officially notified to hold ourselves in readiness to proceed "at a quarter of an hour's warning whither the government intends sending us". As I have not had the pleasure of seeing you since my appointment to the post of chaplain, and as I have no means of knowing when or even whether I shall ever see you again, I deem it proper to address you these lines, that you, as Superior General of the Mission, may know the circumstances of my new position, and the peculiarities attending the organization of a Regiment of raw recruits for actual service in the field. In obedience to your telegram informing me of my appointment as chaplain, and ordering me to report immediately to Headquarters, New York City, I took the first train for New York, where I arrived sometime during the ensuing night. Father Ber-

thelet informed me that I had been assigned to the 6th Regt., N. Y. Volunteers, known by the name of "Wilson's Zouaves". I had been but a few days attached to the Regiment, when I learned from the New York Journals, political, comic and religious, that the Sixth enjoyed a most unenviable reputation. Now, however, judging them according to the knowledge I have acquired of them by intimate relations with them from the day of my appointment to date, I must say that, like many statements made about the character of more illustrious organizations, what has been said of these poor fellows is partially exaggeration, and partially gross calumny. With the exception of a few English the members of the Sixth are the sons of Catholics. Through either the fault or the misfortune of their parents, their domestic christian education has been wofully neglected; their hearts, however, have remained in the right place. They are nearly all of that class styled "New York boys"—or "New York Rowdies," who, though they seldom if ever darken the church door, are always ready to pour out the warmest blood of their hearts in defence of church or priest. As you may readily conceive, my introduction to men of this character was somewhat unique.

Accompanied by Father Berthelet on the morning after reaching New York, I went down to the camp on Staten Island to make arrangements for immediately entering on my duties as chaplain. At the entrance of the camp we were informed by the guard that he had received strict orders to refuse admittance to all civilian sight-seers—if there was, however, any intention of enlisting there would be no objection to our entering it. On our assuring him that we had very urgent business with the Colonel, he called for the "officer of the guard"—Lieutenant Latham, a young Catholic from Harlem, New York—who very politely allowed us to enter, and obligingly conducted us himself through the camp to Regimental Headquarters—a few planks roughly put together. As we were drawing near, Lieut. Latham pointed out to us, under this temporary covering, a man, under middle size perhaps, but strongly and compactly built; his blue, quick eye, his high and clear forehead, in fact, his whole countenance and general appearance bespoke candor and an extraordinary determination of will. "That," said the Lieutenant, "is Col. William Wilson, familiarly known by the public and his men, as Billy Wilson."[1] He seemed very much occupied. There was about him, a

[1] Col. Wilson is a Catholic.

number of men with various requests, complaints and excuses, to all of whom he seemed to give a patient attention, and then a short and decisive answer. I perceived he was at the same time giving directions to two clerks, who were committing to paper plans probably of his future campaigns. Informed that I was the priest assigned him, in accordance with his application to Archbishop Hughes, for a chaplain, he rather coldly, but certainly very justly remarked: "All right enough, sir—but the greatest scoundrel in New York could present himself to me as a priest. Have you a letter from the Archbishop, or from Fr. Quinn."[1] I had supposed everything had been arranged, and that I had nothing else to do than enter upon my duties. This very sensible demand of the Colonel to see my credentials, whilst giving me a very high opinion of my future military commander, was a cause of deep mortification to myself. This should have been foreseen. I therefore simply replied that Fr. Berthelet and myself wished merely to see the encampment to-day, and to-morrow I should be able to lay before him the required documents. On the 3rd of June, armed with the requisite papers, I again presented myself, this time alone, before the Colonel, who received me with unbounded cordiality. After glancing at the signatures of the letters, he said: "Now it is all in order. I can imagine all that can be said in your favor. I must introduce you immediately to the boys." Taking me by the hand the Colonel said to his hurriedly assembled boys: "Come, I want you to take a good look at this man, and tell me what you think of him. He is to be our chaplain—and is just the man for me—how do you like him?" Not knowing whether I was Protestant or Catholic, before giving their answer, they asked: "What is his color?" Understanding their meaning directly, the Colonel said: "He is a priest—a Roman Catholic priest." I was thereupon welcomed by these poor fellows with shouts of acclamation.

The soldiers were then informed that I was to spend the remainder of this day in visiting the sick of the Regiment (of whom there was a large number), and on the next day, I would be ready to receive the others at any hour. The men then retired to their quarters, and the officers gathered around to express to me their satisfaction at having a priest with the Regiment. The Lieut. Colonel, Mr. Creighton, and the Major, William Newby, said they were Protestants, but they were very happy to see that, in select-

[1] The present Monsignor Quinn, V. G., a great friend of Col. Wilson.

ing a chaplain, the Colonel consulted the interest of the men, who are nearly all Catholics. "We, you know, chaplain," said Creighton, "are men of sense who are aware of our duties to God, and who need not be told how to perform them. I read my bible every day of my life. These poor soldiers must have some one to guide their faith. Are you not of my opinion, chaplain?" Major Newby immediately interposed, saying: "That question would bring on, most probably, a controversy which, I think, we should rather endeavor to avoid—we don't know each other yet." "One thing is certain," resumed Creighton, "we are all children of the same Father in Heaven. Whatever you can say about our great and good Father"—raising his eyes and hands—"cannot be a subject of dispute among the children. I shall certainly be one of your most devout hearers." "Look here, Creighton and Newby," exclaimed Colonel Wilson with a little warmth, "what do you know about religion? In ward politics, you could show a certain amount of knowledge. Protestants have no religion to study. Let me tell you what I think about religion. When I want to have settled any of these innumerable scrapes into which I am every day getting, I apply to N. . . and do exactly what he tells me. When organizing my Regiment I applied for direction to General Franklin, to General Van Vliet, and to Col. Tompkins, not to dispute with them, but to do what they might tell me; for I considered those men thoroughly acquainted with military science. Now, why should we make an exception in religious matters? Unless we have reason to doubt the man's honesty, we must, when he gives positive doctrine, take the word of the professor of religion, with, at least, the same confidence with which we accept the decision of any other man in a matter he is supposed to understand. So that, let me tell you, I won't allow any one to contradict the Father (this is the name he must go by henceforth and not chaplain), till his conduct authorizes us to doubt his word." Turning to the surgeon, who is a brother of the Rev. Mr. Pease of the *Five Points Mission House*, New York, the Colonel continued: "Pease, wouldn't it be a nice affair, if the men questioned the correctness of your decisions and prescriptions, every time you are called on to attend to their ailments!"

With the exception of Major Newby, who was one of the officers under General Walker in his filibustering expedition to Central America, all the Protestant officers declared that they had never spoken to a Catholic priest; and it was, therefore, they acknowledged, with a certain mistrust, that

they were at first disposed to consider me. They were now, however, reconciled to the idea of having a priest chaplain.

After a somewhat prolonged conversation, I requested the Colonel to excuse me, as I was anxious to visit the sick. There was, of course, no objection, and the doctor led me to the hospital—a miserable shed near the beach. I found what I considered a large number of inmates, but no one seriously sick. Many were suffering from wounds occasioned by careless and awkward handling of firearms; some from blows received in drunken rows, etc., etc.

Having now made the acquaintance of the Regiment, and seen the state of the sick, I thought it proper to pay a visit to Father Mark Murphy, in whose parish the camp is situated, and inform him of my appointment, etc. To my enquiry about the regulations which I should have to observe as regards leaving and returning to camp, the Colonel told me I was to be judge in the case myself. "When you think your presence is required here, you, of course, should be here; when you see no necessity for remaining, you can take a trip to New York. Try to visit the camp, at least, once a day. As an officer, you can go into and out of camp as often as you like during the day. As a member of the staff, you have a right to the countersign, which will enable you to pass the sentinel any hour of the night." This gave me latitude enough. I immediately called on good Father Murphy, whom, to my great surprise, I found confined to his bed by a very serious sickness. He welcomed me as a brother, and expressed his great satisfaction that I did not commence to exercise the ministry in his parish without acquainting him of it, and showing him my authority. He was extremely mortified, he said, a few days ago, by the manner in which he was slighted by a certain priest, who came down here from New York, exercised the ministry in some of the many camps within his parish, and returned without even calling at the parochial residence. The good man invited me most earnestly and most kindly to stay at his house till the Regiment should be ordered to depart. Having heard the various reasons why I thought I should not accept his kind invitation, he said that by taking up my quarters in his house, I should be doing a great service to him and his people; "I am unable to attend to sick-calls, to say Mass, hear confessions, or do anything for my people," said he. He wished me to take charge of his parish. But in that case, what should become of my dear soldiers? He said it would be better even for the soldiers; since in camp there is no convenience whatever for hearing confessions—

which was very true — while they could come any hour of the day to see me in his house. Taking all things into consideration, I found the Father's request reasonable, and returned immediately to camp to expose the case to the Colonel, who saw no reason why I should not oblige Father Murphy; though he regretted to see me thus deprived of the opportunity of forming an acquaintance with *each individual soldier*. "Once started for the seat of war, it will be impossible, you will find, to form this acquaintance. Whoever can call those boys by their names, shall have a magical power over them. These are of a class of men with whom, certainly, you have not yet had to deal. In all cases, oblige Father Murphy. Call down to camp every day; the men can go up at stated hours every day to see you."

In accordance with this arrangement, I returned to Father Murphy, and informed him of the conclusion to which we had come. He repeatedly expressed his joy, and, as he was pleased to say, his gratitude. I am yet in his house, in full charge of his parish. My position, however, has been productive of a deal of inconvenience, if not harm to the Regiment. Yet, I console myself by the good accomplished in the parish. For it would appear that divine Providence had disposed the whole affair, so as to bring back a large number of persons who had fallen away from obedience to the church, and from the love and service of their Creator.

June 5th. This morning I requested the Colonel to have some twenty or thirty of those who wished to go to confession, sent up to Father Murphy's house about 9 o'clock. He immediately ordered the Adjutant, Mr. Heary, a Catholic, to attend to the matter. I waited till 12 o'clock; not a soldier, however, presented himself. I explained the failure of their coming, by saying that some special exercise which the Colonel had not foreseen, or had forgotten, when he spoke to me in the morning, was the cause of it. I relied on certainly having them in the afternoon. But this like the forenoon drew to a close, and no penitents appeared! About five o'clock, the Colonel's Orderly arrived with the request that, unless it was absolutely necessary to detain them longer, I should send all the men back to camp. The mystery was now solved. The soldiers were allowed to leave camp in accordance with the understanding between the Colonel and myself, but neither he nor I had seen any of them since. This proof that my new flock is not to be trusted, was a source of great annoyance to me the rest of the evening. I attended a few sick-calls, heard a few confessions, finished Matins and Lauds, and went to pass the

first part of the night with good Father Murphy, who was much amused at my day's disappointment.

About 10 o'clock P. M. I heard loud quarrelling in the street, and opening the window, I perceived that my "boys" were returning to camp, after having freely indulged in strong drink. As they were approaching the priest's residence, which they had to pass in order to enter camp, there was evidently an effort made to "walk straight and talk sober." One or two who persisted in their boisterous talk, were at length checked by a gruff voice demanding with a tone of authority: "Do you want to wake up the priest?" This question produced among my truant penitents a profound silence, and, giving me a pretty fair idea of the character of my men, made me forgive them this first offence.

June 6th. I called on the Colonel this morning as early as it could conveniently be done. I found him disposed to laugh at the affair of yesterday. He says there was no malice in their conduct, it was mere thoughtlessness,—a schoolboy trick. "We must, however," he added, "leave them under the impression that you have been very much offended." He will allow them again to-day, to come to see me, but accompanied by a non-commissioned officer. True to time, a number of them presented themselves at 9 o'clock A M. and prepared themselves with all possible zeal for confession. Before returning to camp, they asked me for various causes to allow them to visit the village. They had their sergeant, I told them, who had received his orders, and they must apply to him. They did apply to him; and he not only permitted them to go down to the village, but went with them himself. They had their sport, and returned to quarters rather late.

After these two attempts, I thought it would be better not to invite them *out of camp*—and mentioned my reasons to the Colonel, who approved of them, and expressed the hope that Father Murphy's recovery would shortly enable me to take my quarters in camp.

June 7th. I was called this morning after Mass to visit a sick man at the farthest limits of Father Murphy's parish. As the day was oppressively hot, I walked leisurely, and as a consequence, reached home late in the day. On entering the house, I was somewhat startled by the information that there was in the camp a man at the point of death, and that the Colonel had repeatedly sent after me. Hurrying down to our little hospital, I found the Colonel, with his Prayer-Book in his hand, going from his quarters to those of the sick. "O! there you are," said he to me. "We have been

looking for you since morning. I sent scouts out in every direction to hunt you up—but without success. Giving up all hope of having you here in time, I sent scouts out to find some minister, for we could not let the poor fellow die without the Rites of the church. But think of it! they brought me a Protestant minister! I meant, of course, any Catholic minister. I was very near being taken in. As I never suspected that they would call a Protestant, I should have taken it for granted that a priest had been called, and that the poor sick man had been properly attended to. Fortunately I was out amongst the men when the minister entered the camp, and I thought I saw in the man's face, the indications of a bad priest. Did you ever notice, Father, that the same indications of a bad conscience are visible in the countenances of a Protestant minister and of a bad Catholic priest?" "I have never remarked it," I replied. "Well it is so," he continued. "Here we are at the shed, you go in. As I had given up all hopes of procuring a priest, I was just going to read some prayers over him myself." "I hope, Colonel, you did not imagine you could administer the last Sacraments to the patient." "I could do as much as that fellow whom the scouts brought here and whom I ordered out of camp." The sick man, James Fay, was suffering from inflammation of the lungs, foolishly brought on by an attempt to elude the vigilance of the sentinel, by concealing himself all night in the water, but was not in as great danger as had been supposed.

June 8th. The Colonel told me to-day that there was a great rush of Protestant ministers for the chaplaincy of the Regiment. "What can they mean? what can their motive be?" he asked. "Surely they cannot think that they can benefit the souls of these men—not a respectable looking man amongst the applicants." There is on Staten Island a very large number of camps of instruction or organization; the same rush of applicants is noted in every camp. "I have been over to the camp of Col. Allen," said the Colonel to me. "He is organizing the 2nd Regiment; his men are all Catholics. He too complains of being besieged by the lowest class of Protestant ministers for the chaplaincy. I am under the impression that decent ministers able to make a living at home, will not sacrifice their present comforts for the privations of camp-life. Why should they? They cannot forgive a sin no more than I can. Allen and the other Colonels forming Regiments, call this extraordinary zeal to enter the army as chaplains, 'the rush of hungry parsons.' Col. McCunn says he will have nothing to do with any of

them. Strange, Col. McLeod Murphy, who is a Catholic, and whose men are all Catholics, takes a parson for chaplain." Col. Wilson says he has made up his mind to enlist all the ministers who shall henceforth present themselves.

In the afternoon, I was down again amongst the "boys," when the Colonel called my attention to a middle-aged man in conversation with the sentinel at the entrance of the camp, remarking: "There is another of them. Hang him, I'll turn his patriotism to account." Calling to his Orderly, he directed him "to pass that man to headquarters." . . . "You are the Colonel?" enquiringly remarked the stranger to Col. Wilson. "I expect to be," was the reply. "Ah!" was the dignified rejoinder. After a pause, he enquiringly continued, "and these are your men?" "Or boys," added the Colonel. "I presume," the parson again remarked, "they are thoroughly impressed with the sacredness of the cause for which they have enlisted, and the absolute necessity they are under, in order to ensure the success of the glorious cause, of being counted amongst the elect of the Lord. For my part, I should deem it a high honor, to be allowed to devote my life for the glorious cause, as chaplain of the Regiment." "Your name?" asked the Colonel. "I am called the Rev. Mr. Fury," he answered with a very obsequious bow. "Well, Rev. Mr. Fury," resumed the Colonel, "my boys are pretty tough fellows. You might be disappointed in them, and they in you. Would you object to use a sword or musket in battle?" "Not at all," was the reply. "Well, allow me to tell you what I would propose," continued Col. Wilson. "You enlist; and if in the course of time I find that you are the very man to suit the Regiment, I will do all in my power to have you appointed to the post you desire. If, on the other hand, we should discover that the men would prefer some one else to be chaplain, I promise, if I deem you suitable for the office, to recommend you to headquarters to fill the first vacancy in the Regiment." Rev. Mr. Fury readily agreed to everything and was, without delay, regularly enlisted as a private, and was assigned to Company G. I thought this proceeding somewhat unjust; the Colonel, however, said his conscience was formed, his mind made up; that I must not give him scruples.

June 9th. I have been hearing confessions and attending to other parochial duties for Fr. Murphy since early morning. I have also set apart a corner of the hospital, where I receive soldiers willing to profit by my ministry. Very many of these young fellows are not at all disposed to go to

confession. They say they must have "their fun" before starting for the war. The Colonel tells me not to be discouraged; for as soon as these men are removed from their old associates around New York, they will be but too anxious to attend to their religious duties.

Another applicant for the chaplaincy—a German, Rev. Mr. Berger—presented himself at headquarters to-day, and was regularly enlisted under precisely the same conditions as those under which Mr. Fury donned the United States uniform. He says he is an ordained minister of the Lutheran Church. He is now a private in Company K. A youth of about sixteen years, and, as he says, a student of the "Protestant Episcopal Theological Seminary of New York," applied this afternoon for the chaplainship. The Colonel received him very kindly, and advised him not think of going to the war, and strengthened his advice with sound moral reasons. The youth seemed to relish the counsel, and returned to the seminary. Col. Wilson, looking after the retreating stranger, said as it were to himself: "You are too innocent to remain a Protestant."

June 10th. I went up to New York to-day, to attend to my own poor soul. I met at St. Francis Xavier's Rev. Fr. Sopranis who said to me: "You are just in time. Father McElroy is here. Go to his room immediately, and ask him for directions in your new office." I called on the venerable ex-Chaplain, and asked his advice for a general guidance in my new sphere of action. The venerable old gentleman told me he could give me no directions. "Your life is something new; you are to live as a soldier, and learn as you go. I was never in the field. I was stationed in hospitals, more or less near the army. I had my bed and generally the comforts of home. You will have none of those conveniences. Do what you can; learn as you proceed."

June 11th. The number of aspirants to the office of chaplain seems to be increasing. To-day there occurred with one of them a scene which deserves to be written. This individual, who seemed to be devoured by zeal for the Lord's House, came up to a crowd of officers, and with sanctimonious look, and in tremulous tones, declared that, for his country's cause and her defenders' good, he was willing to expose his life on the field of battle's bloody strife. "Do you want to enlist, old man?" asked Captain Duffy. "Yes," he replied, "for the spiritual good of the Regiment." "So you enlist then?" the Captain further inquired. "Not in the usual sense of the term. I should like to enlist as chaplain." "What is your religion?" asked

Lieut. Haggerty. "The Sacred Book." "What part of it?" again asked the Lieutenant. "The whole of it." "Can you preach well?" He in modest terms assured the officers that he had a great talent for public speaking, and expressed the wish of being allowed the opportunity of giving a specimen of his oratorical powers. Having been applied to for permission, the Colonel gave the necessary license for the exhibition. "Let the man preach from the end of a salt-beef barrel" said the Colonel. "Gather the men around him, and I will introduce him myself to the boys. . . ." Stepping over to the barrel on which the smiling orator was perched, Col. Wilson said: "Boys, I want you to pay great attention to what this man has to say. Attend to every word; I shall call on you for your opinion, as soon as he will have finished." Without any preface, apology or explanation, the zealous apostle began a violent tirade against "Popery" and "Papists" and "Romanists," and lauded to the skies the "great and glorious reformation," "the good queen Elizabeth," etc. He then expatiated on the necessity of "hating Popery," of "keeping down the foreign Romanists," and concluded with the assertion that the "real enemies of the country are the foreign Papists."

The signs of impatience manifested by the "boys" in spite of their efforts to obey repeated orders not to interrupt the speaker, were evidently looked upon by the Preacher as great applause. The Colonel said that the men had heard about enough. Then turning to the audience, he asked whether they had attended to what had been said? Having received a deafening answer in the affirmative, he continued: "This is about what he means: you must choose between going to hell and hating the Pope. Now he wants your answer right away. Will you hate the Pope?" The answer came like a roar of artillery: "We'll go to hell first." The orator looked bewildered—"Did they say they are going to hell?" he asked. "They mean Dixie," said one of the officers. The crowd then closed in around the minister and his queer pulpit, with the most unearthly yells. I began to fear for the man's safety, and interfered. One of the sergeants told me not to be uneasy; they would not harm him, but would only teach him a lesson. The crowd pressed on him till he reached the last sentry. I hope the lesson was not given in vain. "Abuse of Catholics is a subject always at hand for a Protestant minister" was the Colonel's remark after this affair. "They have neither doctrine nor morality. Politics or abuse of Catholics is their only theme. It is well that I have not been invested with absolute power. I hope

some of these days to have a long talk with you about my views on many points. I think we shall agree pretty well." Indeed from what I thus far know of Col. Wilson, I judge him to be a man of noble sentiments, and of a clear practical mind. He is deficient in his knowledge of Catholic Faith.

His lady is in camp every day, full of zeal for the spiritual good of her husband and of those in any manner attached to or forming the Regiment. She repeatedly urged me to let her know from time to time, what we would wish her to do for the soldiers. She and her venerable mother have been impressing on the Colonel, the special obligation he is under of making me the first object of his solicitude, of having my wants attended to before those of everybody else.

To-day (13th) a steamer has arrived to take us up to New York, through whose streets we are to march, and then embark on board the Steamer Vanderbilt (Transport), lying out in the stream, which will take us to some point to us unknown. From what I have written, Rev. Father, you will be able to judge of the character of my future companions, and from the knowledge you have of myself, you will be able to say whether or not my time with the soldiers is to be spent agreeably, whilst devoted to the glory of God.

Earnestly asking your and the community's prayers for myself and my flock,

I remain R^ae^ V^ae^ Inf. in Xto servus,

MICHAEL NASH, S. J.

ECUADOR.

Letter from Fr. Salazar.

LA CONCEPCION DE PIFO, Sept. 10th, 1886.

DEAR FATHER KRIEG,

P. C.

I have a bit of news that will interest you: in a week's time I shall set out for the mission of Napo, among the wild tribes that dwell near the river of that name. My orders came in July, and, were it not for some unlooked-for delays, I should already be at my post. Fr. Francisco Lopez, of Nicaragua, will be my companion. He has just finished his third probation. My appointment makes me very happy; for it has long been a cherished wish of mine to bear the light to them that sit in darkness. I had given in my name

as a volunteer to Fr. Superior, but scarcely dared hope to be chosen. So the bidding to go forth has all the sweetness of an unexpected gift. There will be much to suffer; but, truly, our happiness here is found in bearing the cross for His dear sake who died thereon for us.

Now a few words as to our prospects elsewhere. In Spain, Ours are toiling bravely and not without fruit. But it is up-hill work; for the sower of tares is ever busy, ever doing his utmost to hinder and to mar. The irreligious teaching in the public schools is a crying evil, and up to this time there has been no Catholic institution to counteract its bad influence. Now, however, thanks to the generosity of the Catholics, a University has been established at Bilbao and placed in the hands of our Fathers.

In Lima, too, our enemy is hard at work. We are not quite driven out, but very near it; for we have been ordered to leave our house, which is to be sold at auction. Good people, especially in Lima and Arequipa, are very indignant at the doings of the government. The Society has struck deep root, though wicked men wish it not. The fruit will come in God's good time. We shall see.

Here, in Ecuador, the residence at Cuenca has been vacated; and the Fathers at Riobamba were also making ready to go when, through the kind influence of Don Pedro Lizarzaburu, Señor Caamaño granted a respite, and there is now every hope of our keeping the residence.

At Napo we shall be six priests and three brothers. As Rev. Fr. Anderledy seems to be favorably disposed in the matter, it is possible that our number may be increased.

In this College of La Concepcion there has been little change. The novitiate has received but three or four subjects during the past year.

Pray for me to the Sacred Heart. I, in turn, will be mindful of you.

Your servant in Christ,

A. Salazar, S. J.

CHAPLAINS FOR THE MEXICAN WAR—1846.

(*Continued from July, 1886.*)

JOURNEY TO MATAMORAS AND LABORS IN MEXICO.

By Fr. John McElroy.

4. After these preparations Fr. Rey and I left Georgetown on Tuesday, June 2nd, 1846, and took the Rail Car in Washington for Cumberland, where we arrived the same evening. Having necessarily to pass Frederick city, my residence for twenty years, I was a little surprised to find at the station a number of my former devoted flock waiting to bid me adieu. I know not how they were apprised of my coming. So unexpected an incident disconcerted me not a little, and for a moment I was unable to say anything. The Conductor very kindly detained the cars a few minutes, allowing me time to exchange salutations with them. After taking an affectionate leave of the good people we were soon borne out of sight with the velocity given by steam. Fr. Lilly, my successor at Frederick, and Mr. Michael Byrne accompanied us to Harper's Ferry. . . . [Fr. McElroy continues through many pages to give in detail a full account of the kind treatment he received along his route from bishops, priests, army officers and others, which, as it is of little historical interest, has been omitted. Some extracts, however, from his diary are here inserted:—

June 10th. At 3 P. M. we left Cincinnati for Louisville on board the boat, *Thomas Jefferson;* we delayed until 5 P. M. in the suburbs taking in flour.

June 11th. Corpus Christi. At 9 o'clock this morning we reached Louisville and went to the Cathedral to celebrate the divine Mysteries. As Bishops Flaget and Chabrat were on a visit to Bardstown we could not see them. We left Louisville at 4 P. M., and spent two hours in passing through the canal, which is two miles long and has three locks. Our boat paid $140 for the privilege of passing through. Every morning the boat bell rings at 5 A. M. as a signal for rising. I spend the time until breakfast in making my meditation, etc.

June 13th. After breakfast we passed Smithland at the mouth of the Cumberland river, which is navigable to Nash-

ville for steamboats. The river here is very beautiful; studded with islands and picturesque groves on both sides. Here we stopped to take in wood. It was a novel sight to see so large a boat so near the shore with the spreading branches of a large sycamore extending over the deck. At 3 o'clock this evening we reached the mouth of the Ohio, where it is swallowed up in the muddy waters of the Mississippi.

June 14th. Sunday. The morning is clear and pleasant though a little cool on deck. To-day, for the first time since my ordination, I was deprived of the happiness of saying Mass on Sunday,—*fiat voluntas tua!* We have the state of Arkansas on our right; on our left, the state of Tennessee. The banks on either side are low and flat, but very rich and fertile in appearance. Numerous herds of cattle are to be seen from time to time in very good condition; the houses though, or log cabins, are very poor and small. Later in the day we stopped to take in wood. On the farm, we were told, there are more than two hundred slaves well treated and comfortably lodged. Their cabins are very neat. A part of their labor is to cut wood for boats, which sells for $1.50 per cord. Their task is seven and a half cords a week; for all they cut over this their master pays them 62½ cents a cord. When they cut ash their task is nine cords a week. One negro told us that he could cut fourteen or fifteen cords a week, thus earning between $3 and $4 a week; besides, they have permission to raise vegetables, poultry, etc., which they can dispose of for their own benefit. I met one old negro woman, perhaps one hundred years of age, and asked her if she knew anything of religion. She replied: "To be sure; I know my Jesus made me; me to him and him to me." This seemed to be all her creed, and she repeated it over and over again with great animation. She told me that she had had five masters; that the present one was very kind and good to her, and let her do as she pleased. I gave her a small alms, at which she seemed delighted, and we parted.

June 14th. We reached Memphis, and Fr. Rey and I landed for a short while. We paid a visit to the Catholic church, which is in charge of two Dominican Fathers. The church is small and built in imitation of Gothic, with a neat spire. After making a visit to the Blessed Sacrament we returned just in time to catch the boat.

June 15th. The weather is very pleasant and the scenery along the river pretty. At 10 A. M., while the boat was "wooding," we went ashore in the state of Mississippi. Al-

ready the corn is in tassel and the althea in full bloom; in Maryland this is the case only towards the middle of August. Everywhere the negroes seem to be treated very humanely and their houses are neatly whitewashed and appear very comfortable.

July 17th. About 10 o'clock this morning we had some very fine sugar plantations in view, with large dwellings two stories high, surrounded with high piazzas. In the evening, shortly after leaving Donaldsonville, one of Captain William's horses jumped overboard and endeavored to swim ashore; the deserter was caught however, and put safely on board again.]

In the afternoon of June 18th we went on board the steamer *Alabama* bound for Brazos Santiago, and set sail from New Orleans about five o'clock. The next morning about nine o'clock, when we entered the Gulf of Mexico, the sea was rather rough, and the wind easterly, accompanied by a slight rain fall. In a short time, Fr. Rey and I got seasick, and were obliged to keep to our berths all day. We spent St. Aloysius' day, consequently, in a rather gloomy manner; with great difficulty I succeeded in saying my breviary. We reached Galveston about 11 A. M. on June 22nd, and went to the residence of the Bishop, where we were received with great hospitality by Rev. Mr. Orlando. After some delays at Galveston, we found ourselves early on the morning of the 25th anchored off Brazos Island in a very high and rough sea. On this account no vessel of light draught could come alongside to take off the passengers. In the evening the mail was lowered into an open boat and carried to a small steamer which could cross the bar. During the night the storm increased, and Captain Windell fearful that the ship might be blown on shore, as she had already parted her cable, raised the steam and put out to sea. It was a fearful night, and all were alarmed for the safety of the ship. In the morning the storm had not much abated, and as water and provisions were giving out, the Captain, with the advice of Col. Whiting, Deputy Commissary General, thought it prudent to return to Galveston.

About nine o'clock on Sunday morning, the 28th, to our great joy we reached Galveston, and repaired immediately to the small church to offer up the adorable Sacrifice in thanksgiving for our preservation. Both of us were very weak and faint from sea sickness and want of water; however, with some difficulty I celebrated Mass and Fr. Rey communicated. The good pastor, Fr. Orlando (Lazarist),

treated us again with his wonted kind and polite attention. Early on the morning of July 1st we were again under way with pleasant weather and fair winds, and on the morning of the 2nd of July, the Feast of the Visitation of our Lady, we anchored again off the Brazos. Here we found a fleet of ships, brigs, schooners, etc., employed by the government as transports and store ships. About eleven o'clock A. M. we left the *Alabama* for the steamer, *Sea*, and in a short time reached the Island five miles distant. Thence we went to Point Isabel, where there is a temporary fort, called after the President, Fort Polk. This is the depot for all stores and its defence had been a matter of great anxiety to General Taylor; but the battle of the 8th and 9th of May put him in quiet possession of it, and of more than one hundred miles along the Rio Grande: so that now free access for stores of every kind, troops and munitions of war has been secured. On landing, Fr. Rey and I went directly to the hospital where we found fifteen Catholics who had been wounded, all, except two Mexicans, being Irishmen. We confessed a few of these, and did what we could to console the sick and alleviate their sufferings. After dinner the steward of the hospital, an Irish Catholic, took us at my request to see the grave of Major Ringgold, formerly of Maryland. It is on an eminence without the Fort, and is designated by a small wooden cross, in the centre of which is a black rosette of ribbon, and flying from the arms and top narrow pieces of ribbon. I could not learn who placed the cross or why it was placed at his grave. Major Ringgold was not a Catholic. This is quite a barren and inhospitable point; not a tree to be seen and no vegetation other than some scanty grass. We slept in the hospital, and next morning, after visiting the sick and hearing some more confessions, we returned to the Brazos and remained there until the morning of the fourth when we embarked on board the steamer, *Troy*, crossed the bar again and entered the Gulf bound to the mouth of the Rio Grande, nine miles distant. A skilful pilot conducted us safely across the bar which is said to be very dangerous and to have proved fatal to many small vessels. The Rio discharges its waters with considerable velocity into the Gulf and like the Mississippi discolors it for a considerable distance. The river at the time of our entering was, owing to heavy rains, higher than it had been for many years. Our progress was thus impeded and our boat being small it took us two days to reach Matamoras, which is distant from the mouth of the river about ninety miles by water, and only twenty-eight by land. This morning, July

5th, we saw for the first time small patches of corn on the Mexican side of the river, and some fine steers and cows. The dwellings are few, merely huts thatched with reeds. The inhabitants stood along the shore gazing at us and the steamboat with open-eyed curiosity. About ten o'clock A. M. we stopped to get some fresh meat, when I went ashore for the first time in Mexico. We found a number of men, women and children, of various shades of color assembled to see us. Many of the men wore no shirts, merely pantaloons, but all seemed quite cheerful and happy in their rural simplicity. I distributed among them medals of the Blessed Virgin which they received with much gratitude. They never see a priest unless they go to Matamoras, about eight miles by land and fifteen by water. On the morning of July 6th, on rising, we found ourselves in Matamoras.

5. Of the city of Matamoras little can be said that is favorable. It was commenced about twenty years ago and was the port of entry for all goods landed at the Brazos and brought up by land or in boats by the river. They had no steamers until the war commenced, and those now on the river, perhaps twenty, are the property of the government and of a few private individuals. The buildings are very mean with few exceptions; indeed, in the whole town there is not a house of any importance, and what I regretted more than all, no good churches— I might say none at all. Fourteen years ago one was begun, of good size and proportion, and the walls carried up to the square and left in that condition to this day. The sacristy which is roofed, a room of twenty-five feet by twenty or thereabouts, serves as a church for about eight or ten thousand Catholics — so much for the effects of the revolution. Since the Spanish yoke was cast off not one church as yet has been erected throughout all Mexico, whereas in all towns existing when the revolt commenced are to be found good substantial churches, well adorned and provided with all things necessary for a decent celebration of the divine mysteries :—in Mien, Ceralvo, Marine, Monterey and Saltillo. In the two last, Fr. Rey has written to me that the churches are beautiful, large and commodious. Poor Matamoras has no church: this I regretted the more as it was the head-quarters of our army for a length of time, and at all times a number of Americans are to be found here.

On the morning of our arrival, we waited on the Padre Cura, Rodriguez, and were very agreeably disappointed in the kind manner in which we were received. He tendered us hospitality and requested us to remain with him,

at least for a time. We declined his hospitality but asked his aid in procuring lodgings or rooms to hire. Through his endeavor we succeeded in getting boarding and lodging in a house kept by an American who gave Fr. Rey and myself one small room with two old cots, no mattresses, no chairs, no table, or similar room furniture—much inferior to what the widow had prepared of old for the prophet,— and for this with our board he charged each of us ten dollars a week! Having arranged our lodgings our next duty was to wait on General Taylor, pay our respects and deliver our letters. Fr. Rey and I went to the camp in company with Colonel Whiting, who in his way is quite a religious man of the low church party (Episcopal) in the United States, very moral, very polite and obliging and a gentleman of fine literary attainments. The General received us in the most friendly manner, welcomed us to the army and begged us to give him the opportunity of rendering us all the service in his power. I was surprised at the simplicity of his manners, his frankness in conversation, the plainness of his dress and surroundings. Such a man seems to have been intended for a General; not only has he the confidence of the whole army as their chief, but he acquires it more effectually by his example. No sentinel guards his quarters, no flag or ensign points it out; his modesty, only equalled by his bravery, entitles him to perfect security, while his affability renders him accessible to all.

At the time of my arrival in Matamoras, the chief part of General Taylor's army was encamped near the city on the bank of the Rio Grande. In the camp were two large tents for hospitals, used for those not dangerously ill; in town a general hospital had been commenced, and some hundred and fifty or more patients provided for: to visit these was my principal duty.

6. Early in August General Taylor with all his troops, except three companies of artillery left to garrison Matamoras, took up the line of march for Comargo, one hundred and fifty miles higher up the river, and the extreme point of navigation on the way to Monterey. As a large proportion of his command were Catholics, I thought proper that Fr. Rey should accompany him. Accordingly the Father left me on the fourth of August, but as his stay there was short great numbers, probably upwards of six hundred, died during the fall months without receiving the last Sacraments. In Matamoras the number of the sick increased to nine hundred, chiefly volunteers, few of whom were Catholics. Still I instructed and baptized eighty-four adults

who, with the exception of two or three, shortly after paid the debt of nature. There were in the city five different buildings occupied as hospitals, in which I spent usually the forenoon and afternoon of each day, visiting each ward and each bed. I was always welcomed by those of every denomination and if I omitted even one day to visit them, they took care to remind me of it on the following. I found but little difficulty with those who professed no religion and those especially who had never received baptism yielded to instruction with much docility. Among them in their last moments I witnessed many edifying traits, so calmly, peacefully and resignedly did they submit to their fate. In a small chapel unoccupied by the parish priest, which I had fitted up, I said Mass daily. On Sundays, however, during the summer, I celebrated and preached within the walls of the new church to a congregation numerous at times, and at times scanty. I succeeded with some difficulty in getting a few soldiers to confession and Holy Communion. Men of this class are very much exposed to temptations, and unhappily, before they enlist are often addicted to intemperance. This habit they indulge whenever they can. Many either took the pledge or renewed it, who, I hope, will persevere in their engagements.

BRAZIL.

Itu, November 10th, 1886.

Dear Brother in Christ,

P. C.

We are getting on in the midst of consolations and tribulations. It pleases our Blessed Lord to mix for us *utile dulci*. We have many boys, and the College is still enjoying throughout the Empire a very favorable reputation. On the other hand, several Fathers have of late fallen sick, and we are at a loss how to get on in our schools. Moreover, our august Emperor is pleased to look rather cross at us. At present he is making a circuit of this province, and did not deign to come to our College, though he was in this town and visited every other place, no matter how insignificant. Every one, of course, puts his own interpretation on this fact. The Monarchists generally condemn it, while the Republicans applaud it; because, say they, the Emperor has by this conduct condemned the religious principle represented by the Jesuits. Such an interpretation only shows what the Republicans are in this country. I shall give you an extract from what a reporter has written on the Emperor's visit: "It is a sort of custom for those who come to Itu to visit the College of the Jesuits: yet the Emperor did not go there. The incident has received the honors due to a remarkable event, has caused a great sensation, and is interpreted in many different ways. It is said that the Emperor begins to be aware that the Jesuits do not admit above themselves any other, not even the royal power, when once they feel strong enough, and well supported. The Fathers of the College were visited by the representatives of the press; and I was one of them. We were received by the Rector and his Faculty. The establishment is, no doubt, very interesting; there are about four hundred students; and as far as organization and direction go, it is one of the best in the Empire. Everything there, is grand and magnificent. [Such praise is bounty out of measure from the artful reporter]. But the instruction given to the youth is very bad. The end is not to form citizens but submissive slaves. To suppress the will and the self-dependence of the pupils—such is the ideal of education as represented by the Jesuits. The Fathers of the College seem to be very good and learned

men: but it is for this very reason that I fear them. For the Jesuits are like wine: the better they are, the worse they are." This same reporter a little further on, speaking of the Sisters, says:—"People admire them for imparting gratuitous instruction to externs. It is a mistake! They give nothing gratuitous; they only sow, because they wish to gather in. For the disciples of Loyola say: 'Let us have the schools and in a few years we shall be masters of the world.'" We are now about to send some one hundred and eighty boys to stand their examinations before the University; but, owing to several reasons, we are under some apprehension as to the result.

I happened to read in another newspaper a fact connected with our old mission of Paraguay. "The Vicar of Itu showed to the Emperor a silver crucifix set on a cedar cross. Its history is not uninteresting. It was brought, they say, by some people of this province from a Jesuit mission of Paraguay founded on the river San Guatemy (?). The Paulists,[1] it is said, having invaded the mission, ordered the Jesuits either to retire or to acknowledge that the ground belonged to the Portuguese crown. Both the Fathers and Indians retired as speedily as possible, taking everything with them. The Paulists, as a consequence, scarcely got hold of a crucifix and a few bells, which had remained in the church. Both the crucifix and bells are at present kept in the parish church of Itu. When, how, by whom, under what circumstances were these objects given to this church, would be interesting to know; but for want of documents cannot be told.

I was about to forget to tell you that last August one of the gentlemen who represent the nation in the parliament at Rio Janeiro delivered a discourse, in which he praised our Society very much and proposed to commit to our care the civilization of the Indians. The whole discourse was listened to with the most profound silence. The proposition or bill, of course, will not pass; nor could our Society, I think, accept the mission. Still a friend is always something. This gentleman had previously asked us for some information, and the news collected from your LETTERS enabled me to tell what Ours are actually doing in America, Australia, Syria, etc. The gentleman exposed everything very well. The discourse of Senator Vest[2] played, of course, the first part. Yours in Christ,

R. M. GALANTI, S. J.

[1] Known in the history of Paraguay by the name of Mamelukes also.

[2] Letters, Vol. 13, p. 201.

LOUISIANA.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE SOCIETY IN NEW ORLEANS.
(*Continued.*)

We have now to speak of one of the great sacrifices, which the Society was called on to make, before it pleased God to try its obedience unto death. Unfortunately, the missionaries have left us no personal narratives of their expulsion from the Colony, unless perchance, as some surmise, their intercepted letters and stolen papers may lie among the dusty, cobwebbed archives of the Marine Department at Paris, whither Choiseul had all such documents conveyed. However, it is most probable that these good men held their peace, and committed their cause to God. For, says an anonymous chronicler [1] of good authority, the Jesuits, when asked about the wrong done to them, and questioned as to how it came to pass that men of such blameless and devoted lives were so hardly dealt with at the hands of the most Christian nation, answered never a word, thus following to the letter the example of their Great Captain who, when insulted and badgered by the minions of the Prince of Darkness held His peace. Surely, though it was an act of heroic virtue on the part of these men to sink into their graves with a cloud, as the world thinks, on their fair name, it is a cause of regret to us; for we are thereby deprived of many interesting and edifying facts. Enough, however, can be gleaned here and there, to help us to form some idea of the sacrifice made by the Old Society in Louisiana. The most abundant source of the information which we possess on the subject of our banishment from the Colony, and the one from which this paper is largely drawn is an anonymous pamphlet entitled: "Bannissement des Jésuites de la Louisiane," which was published in Paris on the 3rd of September, 1764. "This brochure" says Fr. Carayon, S. J., who republished it in 1865, "if not written by the banished Fathers themselves was at least written with the aid of their notes."

The Marquis de Vaudreuil, commonly called "Le grand marquis," governed the Colony in place of Bienville, and Father Vitry, who had succeeded le Petit as Superior in 1740, was in office when the first rumblings of the coming storm were heard. Monseigneur de Pombriand, Archbishop

[1] Bannisse des Jésuites de la Louisiane, Paris 1764.

of Quebec, finding says Gilmary Shea "that the Capuchins (of New Orleans) seemed to give little heed to a distant Bishop whom they had never seen," named Father Vitry, S. J., Vicar-General of the Province of Louisiana. The Supreme Council acquiesced in the appointment, and the Capuchins, although they felt slighted, nevertheless overcame their chagrin, and duly submitted to the Jesuit Vicar. When Fr. Vitry died on the 5th of April, 1749, Fr. Baudoin, who it will be remembered passed some eighteen or twenty years among the Choctaws, was named Superior of the Mission, and at the same time received from the Archbishop of Quebec the appointment of Vicar-General. This was the last straw. The office seemed to have departed from the Capuchins forever. They refused to recognize Fr. Baudoin, who, if we are to credit Goyarré, tricked them by diplomacy into a recognition of his dignity. But alas! for the insinuation, to call it by no harder name, of the historian of Louisiana, we are told, on the best authority, that Fr. Baudoin, and Fr. Vitry before him tried their utmost to rid themselves of an honor, which they saw was about to become a fruitful cause of scandal. The Archbishop, however, insisted on their retaining it, and they as true sons of Ignatius obeyed, notwithstanding the odium and obloquy which, they saw well, their obedience would draw down on them. Soon the din of the wordy strife was heard outside the cloister. The townspeople could not stand neutral, and so it came to pass that they took part some with one side, and some with the other and grew as eager for a fray as was ever Montague or Capulet.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and so this luckless dispute between the Capuchins and Jesuits was of some use; it was a spur to literature, for under its excitement the hitherto silent colonial muse found her voice, and the lumbering colonial pegasus set about caracoling in his clumsy way through any amount of smutty satires, and vicious pasquinades and epigrams. These "abstracts and brief chronicles of the times" have long since gone hence with their authors, and naught but their unhallowed memory remains. The trouble reached such a height that in 1755, we were cited before the highest tribunal in the Colony on the charge of usurping an office which in all right belonged to the Capuchins. "The Capuchins believed that their rights were encroached upon by the nomination of a Jesuit to the Vicar-generalship; they persuaded themselves that, the title and office of Vicar-General having been bestowed on their Superior by His Grace, the Archbishop of Quebec,

at the same time that the West India company made him pastor of New Orleans, these two qualities ought to be henceforth inseparable, and by consequence belong to them." This seems incredible, but it is vouched for by the authority quoted, which moreover, adds that "Monseigneur de Pombriand was well aware of their pretensions."

We will say nothing of the validity of an opinion handed down by a secular court on such a matter, but such as it was, the decision was in our favor. The effect of the trial was to put an end to open hostilities, but that temper implied by the adage concerning the conviction of a man against his will remained, and produced a deal of carping and petty bickering, and thus the "War of the Jesuits and Capuchins," as it is termed in our colonial history, was carried on for some years. Meanwhile, affairs in the mother country were going from bad to worse. The enemies of the Church and our Society had, with some notable exceptions, won over all the parliaments of France to their side, and cajoled them into framing decrees aimed at our destruction. Finally, the parliament of Paris closed, by its decree of the 1st of April, 1762, all the colleges of the Society in its jurisdiction. As Paris went so went France, and its sole remaining North American colony —for Wolfe had scaled the Heights of Abraham prior to this date—did not propose to to be left behind in this race for glory to be obtained by turning out of doors and despoiling their benefactors. We must say that the colonists were exceptionally fit for this kind of work, when we are told that they were, for the most part, the cream of the offscourings of the mother country. This was a propitious moment for them. The trial relations between the Capuchins and Ours were strained indeed; but there was no open rupture, no desire to renew the old dispute, until Fr. Bruno, Superior of the Capuchins, was removed from office, and Fr. Hilaire de Géneveaux appointed in his stead. This man, whom history credits with no ordinary abilities and no small attainments in learning, seems to have shown himself not averse to testing again in the courts our claim to the Vicar-generalship of the Province. Here was an excellent opportunity for the colonists to bid for the favor of the home government. They might ruin us and yet guard themselves from all censure, for circumstances offered them, in the Capuchins, a scape-goat. The dominant party at home could not accuse them of backwardness in furthering the cause; while to the friends of religion and order they hoped to be able to say, the Capuchins are the cause, they are the plaintiffs; inveigh

against them but leave us in peace. And how did Ours behave when they saw the clouds gather around them? They were filled with fear and trembling for awhile, but the kind encouragement of friends and their own rooted trust in the power of God strengthened them anew, and they went rejoicing on their way, attending to their stations and missions, improving their plantation, and taking no care for the morrow. Such were the dispositions of all parties to the coming contest, when a vessel arrived on the 29th of June bringing Abbadie, the new Governor, and Freniére, the new Procurator-General of the Colony. The new Governor did not hesitate to tell Father Baudoin of all that had been done against the Society, and to add, "I believe that the Procurator-General is charged with some order that regards you." This was a broad hint, but the good Fathers were so sure of their position, so sure of the backing of the Colony, notwithstanding the example of France, that they took no steps to defend themselves. It was their wisest course. All they could do could not save them, and resistance, though ever so justifiable, would furnish malice with materials out of which its hell-born invention might construct a charge of resistance to authority. War to the death was proclaimed against us at once. The Superior Council, which some eight years before had sustained us in our rights, now seemed anxious to reverse its former judgment, and as a preliminary step ordered the Constitutions of the Society to be examined. Thus it fell out in Louisiana, as elsewhere, that our Constitutions were to be passed upon not by theologians or men versed in canon law but by "shop-keepers, doctors, and military officers." Those with whom the decision rested did not understand the language of the Constitutions, and none of them excepting the gray-haired Chatillon, Lieutenant Colonel of the Angoumois regiment, either dared, or showed themselves willing to espouse our cause. The charges trumped up against us were the old well-worn ones, which had stood our enemies in different parts of Europe in good stead. The document in which they were drawn up recited that we attacked the royal authority, encroached on the rights of Bishops, and endangered the public safety. It was not to be expected however that in a sparsely settled country, where Ours and their works were seen of all, such wholesale charges would find general credence. Something had to be added for the sake, if the expression be admissible, of local coloring. To this end the three following counts were inserted: "that we took no care of our missions; that we thought of nothing but how to improve our planta-

tion; and finally, that we usurped the office of Vicar-General." Such were the charges preferred against men honored and esteemed by Bienville, the "Father of Louisiana;" by his successor, the stern Perrier, who found them a tower of strength in the hour of his direst need; by the generous Vaudreuil; by Kerlerec, the honest naval captain doomed hereafter to rot in an oubliette of the Bastile, who in this supreme crisis thus wrote to the Fathers: "Blessed are ye when they shall revile you and persecute you, and speak all that is evil against you untruly, for my sake; be glad, and rejoice;" by Abbadie, the recently appointed Governor, who showed, as far as he dared, that his sympathies leaned towards us, but who Pilate-like had not the courage of his convictions. We need not delay to refute these charges; able and holy men have long since destroyed them to the smallest fibre. Moreover, what has in these papers been narrated of the zeal, self-sacrifice, fortitude and forbearance of Ours is sufficient refutation for the ingenuous.

On the 9th of July 1763, just ten years, wanting twelve days, before the Suppression of the Society throughout the world by Clement XIV, the Superior Council of Louisiana condemned us without an examination, without a hearing. It declared our vows null and void, forbade us in future to style ourselves Jesuits, and ordered us to lay aside our ordinary habit, and don that worn by the secular clergy. It decreed moreover, that all our goods and chattels, with the exception of some books and clothes which each one was allowed to keep, should be sold at auction, that the money accruing from our property in the city should be forwarded to Choiseul to be divided, as he saw fit, among the Fathers of the mission, and that all other moneys coming from our property in other parts of the province should go into the king's coffers. It was, moreover, ordered that our church ornaments and sacred vessels should be handed over to the Capuchins, which, says my authority, was "the least bad use they could make of them;" that the chapel should be razed; that the Fathers should be sent back to France as opportunity offered; and that in the interim they should not live in community.

The execution of the decree was a repetition of the old, old story of the visit of the civil officers, and of the indignities heaped on the Fathers. Sheriffs, appraisers, and their underlings took immediate possession of our house, feasted themselves on the best the plantation produced, and by way of crowning their brutality, obliged Fr. Baudoin, the Superior, to attend their banquets, and be their lord of misrule.

But the sale was over at last, and the little chapel, among whose blackened rafters lingered the echoes of the hymns and prayers which the Illinois had offered up for the king and their beloved Black Robes, was level with the ground. This indeed was a wanton piece of destruction in a country so poor in such edifices, but the desecration of the adjoining grave-yard, which accompanied the demolition of the chapel, was an act of vindictiveness for which it is hard to find a name. All is not over yet. Another clause of the decree had to be fulfilled before Ours might say that their sacrifice was consummated; they were not yet banished from the Colony. Seeing how ruthlessly, not to say cruelly, the other commands of the Superior Council had been enforced, the Fathers who chanced to be in the town or its vicinity went off before they could be proceeded against. Fr. Carette embarked for St. Domingo, and Fr. Roy hurried off to Pensacola, where he arrived just in time to embark for Mexico with the Spanish officials, retiring in virtue of the cession of West Florida to England. Fr. Baudoin, the benefactor of the Colony, and a man to whom the present state of Louisiana owes so much of its prosperity, alone remained. He had spent thirty-five years in the Colony, and was at this time seventy-two years old, and broken down by his labors. The authorities allowed him to stay because, forsooth, "being a Canadian he had no friends or relatives in France." How tender-hearted those worthies suddenly became. When we call to mind that the very men, who at this juncture were despoiling him so savagely of all he possessed, afterwards granted him an annuity, it somehow or other occurs to us that, for aught we know, his stay in the Colony, notwithstanding the decree, may have been owing to the fact that the rulers were, as we are told of some of their fellows of old, fearful of a commotion among the people. Hard indeed would have been the fate of the veteran missionary had an asylum not been offered him by Etienne Boré. This gentleman, afterwards famous as the first successful cultivator of sugar cane in the country, owned what is now Carrolton or the seventh district. His residence stood on the site of the Horticultural Hall of the Exposition and hither, where he could gaze on the rolling, yellow tide of the Mississippi, Fr. Baudoin came to spend what little of life remained to him. And now it is the 21st of December of that eventful 1763. The air is chill, and night has set in, for it is 6 o'clock in the evening, yet what a number of people crowd about the landing; and the Capuchins are there too. What a change has been

wrought in them. The misfortunes of their former foes has roused the dormant chivalry of the sons of St. Francis, and they have now come to alleviate, as best they may, the hardships of the Jesuits, who are to arrive to-night under an armed escort from Kaskaskia, Fort Chartres, Vincennes and other posts. These poor Fathers from Upper Louisiana were in a sad quandary as to how they should live until the time for their embarkation came; they had no means of support, they dare not go to their old home, and they could not, we are told, count on their former friends, and the Capuchins, though they begged of Ours to take their meals with them, could not lodge them, for they had rented part of their house, and had scarcely room for themselves. At this juncture the officer of the guard, M. Volsey, who seems to have been at least a gentleman, came to the aid of the missionaries by acquainting Governor Abbadie of their plight, and securing them lodgings with a certain le Sassier, who, our Fathers tell us, treated them with the utmost deference.

In this manner Ours lived for about six weeks but they soon perceived that they were an embarrassment to the Governor, and with their usual self-sacrifice they resolved to embark at once notwithstanding the unfavorableness of the season. Accordingly, some left by the *Minerva* in January 1764, and were followed on February 6th by four others. Two of these from Upper Louisiana remained behind. One, Fr. de la Morinié, because he was too ill to undertake the voyage, and the other, Fr. Meurin, in some unaccountable way, obtained the permission of the Superior Council to return to his beloved Indian neophytes.

And so we pass away for the the present from this stage of the history of Louisiana. The generous Boré had not to take care of Fr. Baudoin for any length of time. The old man's heart was broken, and he passed to his reward in 1766. Where do the bones of this hero lie? We know not, but there is a tomb in the old St. Louis graveyard that knows no decorations on the feast of All Saints, and its prominent loneliness on that day attracts the eye; it is Etienne Boré's and as we stand before it, the thought arises in our mind that haply he who sheltered the aged Baudoin in life may have given him a resting place in death. Why not?

P. J. K.

A MISSION IN NOVA SCOTIA.

St. Francis Xavier's, New York.
January 5th, 1887.

Dear Mr. Editor,

P. C.

So many things have prevented me from writing you the little account of my summering in Acadia, that I find not only summer gone and autumn, but a blizzard in possession of our metropolis, and ourselves just pausing to take breath at the close of our great Christmas labors and celebrations. The memory, however, of my journey to Nova Scotia has not grown dim, and here are the leading points of my little story. I had been spending the early part of July at home here at St. Francis Xavier's, looking with much interest at the truly ingenious appliances and methods adopted in the demolition of our old buildings:— I was not in the number of those engaged in the provincial congregation, and so had more leisure for my observation of the workmen and my preparation for the work of my new mission. In anticipation of a somewhat long journey, that would be made up of parts of the routes of several different rail-road and steamboat companies, and having a pleasant remembrance of the convenience and economy resulting from a former visit, I betook myself, Saturday morning, July 24th, to the office of Cook and Sons Tourists' Agency, on Broadway, near the City Hall. There, facing you as you enter, is a great case of little drawers and pigeon holes; *Europe*, *Asia*, *Africa*, *Oceanica*, *America*, in great letters, form the main heading, under which, in their proper little ticket compartments, are the names of almost every important place in the world. So taken was I with the perfection of order and despatch with which the complex tours of a dozen customers present were being arranged for them under my very eyes, and the principal in the office was so agreeable, that I actually gave him several very difficult test cases of imaginary trips. With scarcely a moment's thought, his hand ran from case to case and he offered me a bundle of tickets, that would take me by turns from car to boat and camel and ship and donkey and sledge, till I would be left, after having travelled, Jules Verne like, round the globe, at any depot or ferry chosen, back in Gotham again. I

puzzled him only with a query, such as a difficult man will sometimes put at the end of a *class* or *circle*, when I asked, if they would have *blue-point* oysters for lunch at the grand Hotel in Sitka, on the following Sunday. I got my little book of tickets, with an armful of 'Tourists' Literature,' as they term it, thrown in,—i. e., descriptive books of routes beautifully illustrated, and full of maps and all useful information; and having paid about two-thirds only of what I would have been charged had I purchased separately at every stage of the journey, I felt I had conscientiously availed myself of all the advantages available by the great American traveller. The next morning I had the pleasure of a little missionary trip to whet my appetite; it was a visit to Randall's Island in our harbor, where I said Mass and gave a little sermon to a congregation of some hundreds, largely made up of idiots: at times, it is said, the services take something of the form of the *congregational*, owing to the peculiar penchant of those present to follow the lead of their *primo-primi* inclinings, and make whatever comment or noise may best please them. The same afternoon, I started in the palatial Fall-River Boat, *Pilgrim*, for Boston; duly arrived and met several old friends. Thence speeding by rail *via* Portland, Bangor and Vanceboro, where the English Customs officer generally visits the train, St. John, New Brunswick, was reached, after a jaunt of about twenty hours. Here there was to be a wait of seven hours, so I called upon the Bishop, at the *palace:* His *Lordship*, an old friend of *Ours* generally, was anxious to make me share his hospitality for a while, but I could not tarry beyond my train time. So, having gotten pretty well surprised and thoroughly rain-soaked by a shower that began by a most rapidly rising fog, Providence put in my way at the depot an unlooked for friend in the person of the proprietor of the refreshment room there. By his courtesy I was enabled to set out on my journey with dried clothes and generally more comfortably. By seven o'clock next morning, I found that there were, if not breakers,—something broken ahead: it was one of four huge trains, that formed the rolling stock of Forepaugh's great Circus. An axle of one of the trucks had broken, the car jumped the track and hence the obstruction. While the way was being cleared, I pleasantly passed part of the time in an interesting interview with a couple of novel neighbors —a $20,000 Giraffe and his worthy keeper. My car was switched off at New Glasgow towards the north shore of Nova Scotia, and, after a few stations, was boarded by the Rev.——, the kindest of men, Rector of the

Cathedral of Antigonish. Here I was met by Bishop Cameron, whom many of your readers will remember at once as an illustrious prelate and a staunch friend of our Society. I had anticipated the date of my labor's opening by a day, as of course, I was anxious to say Mass on our Holy Father's feast. The next day, the mission began in the Cathedral of Antigonish and lasted five days and a half. Although I had run through the country a few years before, without stopping, indeed, any longer than the train at the stations, my visit this time was a revelation to me. The scenery, sky, civilization and all its accompaniments seemed to be different from anything to which I had been accustomed. Part of the newness was pleasing, much of it was both novel and, at first acquaintance, not taking. It is always the occasion of a slight aesthetic shock, you know, to plunge suddenly from a busy metropolis into a remote and easy going rural district. When the train stopped at Antigonish, — *Elysville!* said I to myself, and my hopes and fears of the great Cathedral mission, and diocesan retreat seemed to stand still with the train, and be non-plussed. It is a small town— everything is on a smaller scale as one goes in the direction I followed:— but when I came in front of the Cathedral, I was struck with its magnitude and majestic proportions: and reading, with the help of the Gælic Rector, my companion, the inscription on the façade, 'Tigh Dhe,' 'Domus Dei,' — the same I had last seen in gilded letters over the stately portal of the marble vestibule of our magnificent church at home,—here too I felt at home and had already an exordium for my opening sermon, which, after a rehearsal or two in pronunciation with the always kind Rector, placed me *en bon rapport* with my hearers during all my stay: for nearly all speak Gaelic. Besides the morning Masses, the services consisted of the sermons at 9 A. M. and at 4 P. M. which latter was followed by Benediction. The Bishop presided on the throne at every service, and the great church, nearly two hundred feet long, was always full or even crowded. The Lord Bishop and the priests heard most of the confessions. As it was harvest time and the country is almost exclusively in agricultural interests, the pastors were a little afraid that worldly would somewhat interfere with eternal interests, and so prayed, conformably to Divine Providence, that there might be a wet week of it; and so there was. Now and then a glint of sunshine, but no settled, pure weather till the mission was well over; then there was a beautiful clearing up. It was striking to beholders from my latitude to see the troops of men and women approaching

the cathedral from every point, tramping through the heavy rain leisurely, never showing any signs of inconvenience from their not having an umbrella or from remaining for an hour or two in their wet garments. This and many other striking things a visitor would remark, force upon him the conclusion, that they are full of faith, piety, simplicity and goodness. Most of them had taken the total abstinence pledge for the entire Jubilee year, and in consequence, many of the saloons in the district were closed for that period. The mission was attended by many, some of whom came on foot from a distance of twenty miles, from all the surrounding districts. The back of the church and aisles were full of Micmac Indians, squatted on the floor; and I often noticed during the sermons, that their dogs were at as full liberty, as the close proximity in which their masters and mistresses were huddled would allow, to squeeze their way among them. Many notables, a Cabinet Minister or two, Chief Justices, Judges and other dignitaries came, some of them from distant cities, to make the mission, and they gave much edification.

There is a colony of negroes in the vicinity of the town; they cling together and form a little settlement apart. In the church, they are, of course, one with the rest. The only afternoon I had free, I was taken by the courteous Rector on a drive. As I had already learned, he was the truly good shepherd and knew indeed his own; I asked, driving by, 'whose homestead is that,' and 'that' — Oh! that is— Fraser, that, Mc Donald, that, Chisolm, or Mac Neil, or Cameron, and then the list would be reversed and varied variously, and a dozen different names, it appeared, would fill their directory, if it be ever printed. Wildly striving to find out a *new* name, I halted the vehicle at the confines of the negro settlement and asked a darkey of eight, what was *his* name. 'Andrew Jackson Gillis,' he added, in pure Maryland black, appending the name of my companion, the Rector, who was his god-father, and that of three or four of F. F. N. S—s of color, so I gave it up. On Saturday the Rector and I started for Arichat, the episcopal see till within a few months, when this was transferred to Antigonish. The reason for the change was the almost entire falling away of the commerce, of which, fifty years ago, a goodly share made the former quite a flourishing little town. Now going through it, one is reminded of the pen pictures story tellers sometimes draw of decayed, quaint old places that are but the ghosts of their former selves. Its situation, however, is most beautiful, on the hilly shore of the lovely

Strait of Canso, opposite the picturesque island of Cape Breton. The streets are so many terraces rising above each other like the steps of a great stairway that leads from the pebbly shore to the crest of the hill. The Catholic church of the Assumption, an old wooden structure, but beautifully kept, has a splendid site, and, with the Convent of the Congregation of our Lady of Montreal and the old episcopal palace, after the model of an English manor-house, forms by far the most important group in the town. French is the language of the place, but the rising generation is fast adopting English; it was for their benefit chiefly, I had been called to give an English sermon; and I was assured, that were it not for *another show*—the circus—which was coming the following Thursday, *mine* would have caused even greater enthusiasm than it did. A charming sail of twenty miles along the Strait of Canso and about sixty miles of a trip by train from Port Mulgrave brought me back to Antigonish. The diocesan retreat began the next day; for the various stations of the jurisdiction are generally so remote from terminus of boat line or railway depot, the priests cannot muster in less than a day and a half. So, in they came trooping by detachments; and when they were all assembled, a most respectable, ay, venerable body, of fifty hard working missioners they were. From the Vicar-General, with the snows of eighty-four winters on his head and his sturdy form but very slightly bent with their weight, to the latest ordained doctor of propaganda — and I think, perhaps a third of the whole number enjoy the latter title— they presented the appearance of a serried rank of sterling soldiers of the cross. It was not, therefore, without the thought of the non-practising professors in the chair of Moses, that I undertook the task of evangelizing these evangelical men. But my habit was better introduction and stronger approval for me than great powers or efforts: besides, the names of my venerable predecessors Mc Elroy, Maguire, and three or four others living, endorsed my passport and the retreat went on, under God's blessing, most favorably. To give the clergy their full time despite their beginning so late in the week, the rather strange custom holds here of omitting Mass in all the diocese, except in the church where the retreat is given, on the Sunday following its commencement. This time it happened that the feast of the Assumption fell on Sunday. At the late Mass in the Cathedral, His Lordship, the Bishop, and nearly all the priests were in the sanctuary, when we had the most solemn services possible in the circumstances, and a sermon on the

mystery celebrated. Afterward a synodal meeting was held, to which I was courteously invited, but which I did not feel it my duty to attend. Then I thought my work was over; but then began to pour in the invitations from all sides, to give a little Jubilee mission here and there, in such number as would occupy me till Christmas. I was not, of course, master of my own time; I was thoroughly fatigued and so referred the applicants for aid to the subject's all sufficient refuge—the Superior. The Bishop, however, asking as a special favor that I should at least stop over on my way, for a day or so, at New Glasgow and give there a little fervorino or two, I did so. His Lordship is most interested in this new mission, because the town is at once the most promising, rising place in the country and contains the most bigotry. The church was built from his slender private resources, and an apostolic pastor gave up a well settled parish to try to make something out of this uncultured vineyard: he is slowly but surely succeeding. Notwithstanding short notice, long distances to be travelled, bad weather, the church was full. I had scarcely begun my evening sermon, when an army in battle array—a salvation army that had been pestering the town—literally surrounded the Church and gave a volley: male and female were they beleaguering Rome. With a gesture I restrained some of our own quickly belligerent compatriots, continued my discourse, and I never was more thankful before for strong lungs. I waxed orotund, clamorously intense; the assailants hesitated, quailed, kept quiet; I had the field, the salvation army was routed, and I never saw anything in a Catholic church so nearly like applause as that which followed. After the sermon I with all the priests within reach heard confessions till very late: then huddled as best we could in the little glebe house for rest; were early in the confessionals in the morning, or rather on the chairs, nail kegs and whatever else could serve for such; had the last Mass with sermon at nine, with hundreds of Communions; and so ended the short Jubilee Exercises. My departure from among the priests especially, was as the separation of old friends: and then as well as during all my stay in Nova Scotia, I saw greater esteem and love manifested for everything pertaining to our Society than ever before. A most pleasant meeting, but in most awful weather, with one of Ours, leisurely working at Stellarton; a day in Halifax during which I again met with much kindness from the clergy, especially from Monsignor the Cathedral Rector, and I turned my face homeward. A clean run from

Halifax to Portland, left me pretty tired and so I availed myself of a standing invitation from the hospitable Bishop, and was induced by another desire which was not gratified, to remain here till morning when I took the train again and rolled into the Grand Central about 9 A. M. I was, as usual, warmly received and learned the news of the changes that had all been made in my absence. When I started for my room, I found that it and the entire house were things of the past: a form of empty air had been superinduced where the brown-stone front had stood. But I had not been forgotten and my household gods I found in new and more desirable quarters. I think it will be long before I forget the learned, holy, devoted Bishop and clergy or the faithful people of Antigonish.

Hoping I have not trespassed on your attention and space, yours by request, X.

ALASKAN MISSIONARIES.

The following letter of the Most Rev. Archbishop Seghers was brought from Salmon river by a miner returning to Juneau, and thence by steamer to Victoria.

MOUTH OF SALMON (OR TON) RIVER, 61° 55′ Lat.,
Alaska Ter., Aug. 31, 1886.

VERY REV. DEAR FATHER JONCKAU:

Although my voyage from Victoria to the interior of Alaska was not attended by any remarkable incidents, yet I think I ought to send you a compendious description of it, because, if I did not, my silence would appear unkind and ungenerous. It was on Tuesday, July 13th, as you know, that I left Victoria to establish a permanent mission in the heart of this Territory, and to carry out the designs I had conceived during my first exploration of the Youcon country in 1877 for the christianization of the natives. My companions are Fathers Robaut and Tosi with Brother Fuller, of the Society of Jesus. Two routes lay open before us, either the mouth or the head waters of the Youcon. I went to Alaska through the mouth of the Youcon in 1877. This time I chose the other route, and we crossed the Coast Range of mountains to strike the source of the Youcon river for two reasons— first, because, though the mouth of the river is easy of access, yet the navigation of the river

up stream, is long, tedious and difficult; furthermore, the distance from Victoria to the mouth of the Youcon *via* San Francisco, the way I started before, is enormous. It is a circuitous trip of a month's duration, whereas the trip from Victoria to the head waters of the Youcon is almost one straight line of less than nine hundred miles and lasted only thirteen days. It is true, the portage across the Coast Range and some of the rapids is a labor of the most exhaustive kind; but those difficulties once overcome, navigation down the river from one end of Alaska to the other is free from toil, from danger, and comparatively pleasant.

My second reason for coming this way lay in the object I had in view of visiting new regions, of tilling virgin soil, of exploring countries never before visited and of laboring among natives never preached to by missionaries of any denomination. The northern boundary of British Columbia is the 60th parallel. Here, then, north of the Vicariate Apostolic of British Columbia and east of Alaska lies an extensive part of the Dominion of Canada, or Northwest Territory, which is part of the Diocese of Vancouver Island, and was never, for aught I know, visited by either priest or minister. The same may be said of that part of Alaska watered by the Upper Youcon and by the Tenana river. We are therefore, as I said, on virgin soil, never tampered with by preachers, outside of the influence of the Russian Church, and which, as generally the rule is, bids fair to yield a plentiful harvest to the seed of God's word which we will sow upon it.

It is needless to describe my trip from Victoria to Juneau City, the northernmost town in Alaska. Travelling on a large and commodious steamer with a crowd of passengers of the friendliest and most pleasant disposition and with unprecedented weather, we looked more like tourists on a pleasure trip than missionaries at the outstart of a career of toil and privation. But this was not to last very long. The steamer Ancon remained at Juneau long enough to allow us to purchase our supply of provisions. Several men offered themselves to accompany us into the Youcon country. We accepted but one—Antoine Provot, a French Canadian, and left Juneau on Monday, July 19th, at 7 P. M. Next morning we were again on our way steaming up Lynn Channel, which is flanked by ranges of lofty peaks, every gorge of which is filled with a glacier almost to the edge of the salt water. This channel divided itself in its northern extremity into two inlets called respectively Chilcat and Chilcoot. On the former, the Chilcat inlet, I saw

the houses formerly occupied by the Chilcat Indians. This used to be the starting point of the trail across the mountains over which the Chilcats formerly travelled to strike the Tah-Kana river and purchase furs from the Indians of the interior. Now, however, another direction is followed: the starting point is the Chilcoot inlet and the terminus is the Lakes from which the mighty Youcon flows. In consequence of this the Chilcats have all but left their former village on the Chilcat inlet and built up a new one on the Chilcoot inlet, making more than a living by packing for white men. We experienced a good deal of trouble in making a bargain with the Chilcoot Indians, who have been for three or four years under the influence of Presbyterian preachers. They have so far monopolized the packing business, and take advantage of their monopoly to extort as much money as they can from every miner who crosses the country. Not only did they charge us $13 per 100 pounds; but they made us pay for guiding us, for ferrying us across the river, for looking after our safety and that of our packs, as they termed it, and they exacted what they called a "present" for having faithfully stuck to their bargain. As a consequence we had to pay to them $303. Had not a charitable person paid for my passage and that of my companion on the steamer Ancon, we should have found ourselves short of money, and would have had to return in quest of cash. As it was we paid out our gold and silver and entered the Youcon country, fulfilling nearly to the letter our Lord's commandment to go forth "without gold, without silver, without money in our purses."

All the arrangements being made, we started from the Chilcoot village in a canoe, and saw on our left the northern end of Chilcoot inlet where the Chilcoot river empties, and reached the mouth of a small river called the Dayay. Here we met a most kindly disposed Hibernian called Healy, who placed us under many and lasting obligations. Finally, after more unnecessary delay, we left Healy's place and salt-water navigation to ascend the rugged and lofty slope of the Coast Range and to force our way through a pass into the basin of the Youcon. We formed a numerous party. Besides the five of us there were five miners and some sixty Indian packers, some with over a hundred pounds on their backs, all in good spirits and great glee to begin our wearisome, arduous tramp. It was Saturday, July 24th, the Feast of St. Franciscus Solano, an American saint, whose Mass I had celebrated in the morning and in whose intercession I placed much confidence.

A fleet of canoes conveyed most of our luggage to the head of canoe navigation, some eight miles from Healy's place, but we had to do the walking. We first waded through a tributary of the Dayay, where we had the water to our thighs, and were subsequently ferried by canoes five times across the Dayay and moved into our first camp early in the afternoon, the water being judged too high by the Indians to be forded. We slept soundly that night and prepared ourselves the following morning for the two worst crossings of the Dayay, in one of which a traveller lost his life last summer. The first crossing was pretty rough. Advancing cautiously, with heavy gum-boots, over gravel, pebbles and large boulders through the swift current of a seething, foamy, roaring torrent, nerving myself to the utmost to sustain the powerful velocity of the liquid element which seemed at every moment to lift me from my feet, I reached the opposite bank having had the water well nigh to my hip, quite proud of my achievement, but, though the water was icy cold, covered with perspiration, panting for breath, and my heart beating violently. A few minutes were spent in drying ourselves from our drenching, after which we directed our steps to the next crossing which we found worse than the former. Here we stood at the mouth of the canyon from which the Dayay, nearly fifty feet wide, burst forth at the rate of twelve miles an hour. Some of the Indians formed a chain, taking each other by the hand, and marching on a line which extended down with the current. Preceded by an Indian packer and followed by another I resolutely marched into the torrent which seemed as if boiling around me. I was very successful until I found myself but a few yards from the other bank when the velocity of the water forced my feet so wide apart that I felt I could hold the ground no longer. One of my knees bent in spite of me, notwithstanding all the efforts I made to brace myself up against the whirling, dashing torrent. One of my Indians saw the danger I was in and reached me his hand; another took me under the arm; and so I was saved from the wild, furious stream. All my companions behaved most gallantly and appeared to encounter less trouble and difficulty than I experienced. We now entered the narrow gorge through which the Dayay flows, marching due north and most of the time on the right or eastern bank, going up-stream of the river. We crossed it again and again, passed several of its tributaries, sometimes on logs, other times wading through the water, but the stream was evidently growing smaller the farther we advanced. We remained all that

afternoon within the line of vegetation, and found the brush very thick in some places. Altogether it is a rough trail, but not so rough as many other trails over which I travelled in Idaho. At last about 6 P. M., wearied and hungry, we arrived at the foot of an extensive glacier, the principal feeder, I presume, of the Dayay, and there we saw a splendid camping place made by nature, consisting of immense boulders so arranged that they give perfect shelter both from wind and from rain. That place is called Sheep Camp, because, I suppose, it used to be the favorite resort of a band of mountain sheep, and in one part of it the boulders were so ingeniously placed alongside of one another that they form a perfect hiding place, called by the Indians 'Stone-house.'

The next morning, July 26th, we were all up at 3 o'clock and left Sheep Camp a little after 4, full of courage and eagerness to reach and pass the summit. Here the ascent became very steep, until we stood at the foot of an almost perpendicular wall formed by rocks, boulders and stone of every dimension, the top of which appeared lost in the clouds. It was a novel sight to see our Indian packers ascending that natural ladder clambering the best they could, helping themselves with poles, and now and then with their hands, and appearing, from a distance, as if standing one on the head of the other, the highest ones disappearing in the fog. I found it rather a heavy task to step from boulder to boulder, as I had kept my gum boots on ; but I had nothing to carry, the Brother having dexterously deprived me of my pack of the previous day in spite of my reiterated protestations. The summit is said to be four thousand one hundred feet high. We reached it at 6 o'clock. The view was decidedly beautiful. To the south we commanded the view of the canyon through which we had painfully travelled, the snow-capped mountains on the side of Lynn channel forming the background; east and west of us were high peaks, which, however, were hidden from our sight by clouds of thick fog; and north of us lay the extensive country of the Youcon and a red looking peak towering away above the rest of the mountains, the foot of which, as we saw afterwards, is watered by the great river of Alaska. At our feet lay a carpet of snow and ice of dazzling whiteness, and below still a beautiful lake, with azure water and the edges covered with ice. If, as appears reasonable, we consider that lake — called Crater lake — as the source of the Youcon, then it is a remarkable coincidence that I saw the Youcon the first time this year on the same feast as I did in

1877, the feast of St. Ann. Great care was needed to pass the snow and ice which formed a steep incline from the edge of the mountains to the edge of the lake. A single misstep would have sent us sliding down, and once started there was no possibility of stopping before reaching the edge of the lake, three thousand feet below. Fortunately, by extreme cautiousness we avoided all accident and got safely over the dangerous spot. We had scarcely passed the summit when we met two white men returning for their sled which we had noticed a few minutes before. These two miners had been abandoned before reaching the summit by their Indian packers, and were now themselves attending to their own packing, and, as I afterwards saw, they got along remarkably well. After marching down hill, either on the bank of the river that flows out of Crater lake or at a short distance from it, we reached the shores of a small lake, Lindeman lake, some eight miles long by one mile wide, and camped at the mouth of the river, we had been following all day long. It was about 3 P. M. when we reached the lake, having made in a little less than three days a trip of only thirty-three miles from Healy's place at the mouth of the Dayay.

Next day a serious disappointment happened to us. Antoine Provot, who had followed us from Juneau, and on whom we relied to help us in building a raft, left us and disappeared without saying a word. Fortunately, three of the miners with whom we had travelled most generously offered their services to help us in building a boat, and took on their own raft that part of our luggage which the Indians had left behind after taking the rest to the foot of Lindeman lake. Here that you may the better understand our movements, I ought to describe the run of the river. Crater lake, as I have already mentioned, lies this side, that is, northeast of the divide, and is the first reservoir containing water that empties into the Behring sea, a distance of more than two thousand miles the way the river flows. From this lake an impetuous torrent rushes foaming through a narrow canyon and empties into Lindeman lake, which is fed also by another river farther west. There is a northwest current in this lake plainly visible, and it finds its outlet through a narrow pass, in which the water furiously breaks over rocks and flows into another lake called Bennet lake. The river forming the link between Bennet lake and Lindeman lake is less than a mile long. It is not safely navigable and is consequently avoided by means of a portage called Perrier portage. Lake Bennet, some twenty miles long, discharges

itself through a short river into Tahko lake and this one into Marsh lake, after which the river runs swiftly through narrow canyons until it reaches Lake Labarge. Past Lake Labarge the river follows a uniform course, receiving several very large tributaries, until after uniting itself with Stewart river it definitely receives the name "Youcon," and flows placidly towards Behring sea. Before receiving Stewart river it is called by several names among the miners, the favorite one being Lewis river.

I left our camp and our party at the head of Lindeman lake, and in a small canoe with two Indians, I went to the foot of the same lake, some six miles distant, to keep an eye over the baggage which those Indians had already conveyed there in their canoes. The next day Father Robaut joined me, arriving also in a canoe and bringing my altar, so that on the following morning for the first time I had the happiness to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass on the head waters of the Youcon, where, I believe, no Mass had ever been celebrated. But where was I? Was I still in Alaska, inside of the line that runs parallel with the coast? Was I in the Vicariate Apostolic of British Columbia, or in my own diocese in the far end of the Northwest Territory of the Dominion? This is difficult to determine. I hope, however, that some accurate map will soon determine all the boundary lines and clearly show where the foot of Lindeman lake is situated. At all events, before leaving that place I nailed to a tree the following inscription: "Archbishop Seghers, of Victoria, V. I., accompanied by Fathers Tosi and Robaut, camped here and offered the Holy Sacrifice, July 30th, 1886."

The miners who had travelled with us divided themselves into two parties, each party building a raft for itself, at the head of Lindeman lake because the timber was not long enough to be sawed into planks to make a boat. The craft of Capt. Moore and partner was first finished, and they sailed down to the foot of Lindeman lake with a fair wind and current, in a few hours. Then unloading their stuff they sent the raft adrift over the rapids; she plunged, heaved and plunged again into the boiling current, and then darted ahead as fast as a locomotive, and thumped with tremendous force against a rock, knocking off a log on the off side. Remaining still with a slight tremulous motion for a few seconds, she shot ahead a second time with all the velocity of the current, and dashed again against a rock, on the opposite side, knocking off her inside log. Then she whirled and swung around and made straightways for the

rock that divided the water into two channels; I saw her dart clean over the rocks and reach smooth water, and strand on the sand where Capt. Moore was expecting to recover possession of her. She was soon loaded again, and off he went on the waters of Bennet lake with his partner, in quest of timber sufficiently long to build a boat.

The next day Father Tosi and Brother Fuller arrived with the other party of miners on a raft much larger than Capt. Moore's. The latter was cut in two: one part went safely through the rapids, but the other part stranded on a rock before it reached the most impetuous part of the current, and bids fair to remain there till the water rises again. That day we had a sumptuous repast on a duck, killed by Brother Fuller. Four days previous it was that Father Robaut had shot our dinner for us in the shape of a partridge. After some deliberation it was decided that the three miners, with Father Robaut and Brother Fuller, would proceed on the raft to a place where the size of the timber would justify them in stopping for the construction of a boat. They went twelve miles distant, camping on the west shore of Bennet lake and began at once to saw planks with a whipsaw. An exciting scene occurred in that camp. One evening one of the party noticed a black looking object in the water of the lake, and called the others attention to it, saying: "What is that?" Some one remarked unconcernedly that it was a snag. "It is strange," was the reply, "that a snag should float against the current." But the object came nearer, and presently a head was noticed with two well-defined ears. Then all shouted: "It is a bear!" And, indeed, a cinnamon bear of large size, apparently a yearling, was swimming across from the other side of the lake and making straight for the camp. No time was spent in asking the intruder what his object was in his intended visit, but all prepared themselves to give him a warm reception. One of the miners fired twice and missed. The Brother took aim deliberately and shot the bear behind the right ear; he made a plunge, returned to the surface, whirled and swam around in a circle. A second shot from the Brother's rifle finished him, and what with the breeze, and what with the current, his bearship drifted into the camp, to the great joy of all concerned. This is not a bear story, but a bare fact: and a proof of it is that, after giving a good deal of the meat to others, our last meal on the flesh of that bear took place the tenth day after he had been killed. In fact, tracks of bears can be seen everywhere, and appear more numerous than the tracks of other animals. In the meantime Father Tosi and I did

not remain idle; we carried both our stuff and that of our companions, the three miners, across the portage, three-quarters of a mile, from the foot of Lindeman lake to the head of Bennet lake. Father Tosi showed his practical turn of mind by constructing a wheelbarrow, on which he wheeled the stuff from the hill, the centre of the trail to the second landing: the heavier packs we carried together on two poles from the first landing to the hill; the lighter packs I managed by myself, and although in my previous missions I had more than once packed my altar, yet it was reserved to the Youcon country to witness me packing a bag of rice along with my altar. We thus carried to our new camp something in the neighborhood of one thousand pounds.

Until that time the weather had been clear and beautiful, with constant southwest winds. We had a change during a few days; the northeast wind brought us dense volumes of smoke, the bush being on fire in several places, and a hot sultry atmosphere. One night we had a severe thunder-storm, with a copious shower of rain, after which the heat moderated and the sky remained clear and free from smoke. While waiting for our new boat, I copied the following inscription, which I found written on a tree on the northern end of the rapids or river connecting Lake Lindeman with Lake Bennet: "No. 5 camped and built a boat; raft went to pieces going through the rapids. Altitude, 1620 feet. Barometer, 29.78. Temperature, 60 degrees. Wind, south; velocity, 3 miles. Weather, rainy. From last camp, 1 mile. From salt water, 36 miles. Time, 4.20 P. M. Date, June 15, 1884. General Remarks— Mosquitos very bad. (Signed) Willis E. Everett, M. D." Such was the interesting description I read and copied at the head of Bennet Lake.

Two of the miners, with Father Robaut and Brother Fuller, arrived on Friday evening, August 6th, in our new boat, but she leaked badly, one of the party being kept constantly busy in bailing her out. The timber that had been found was not suitable, and our three miners making us a present of the boat, determined to proceed further down until they would strike timber of good quality and of sufficient size to build a boat for themselves. The next morning we loaded our boat with the baggage of the three miners, her leaking condition making us judge it inexpedient to put all the load on her. Father Tosi was left in charge of the provisions, and I with Father Robaut, Brother Fuller and two of our miners, left for the camp where the boat had been constructed, with the intention of travelling further down,

to a spot where good timber was available. At this camp about a dozen miles fron the head of Bennet lake, we took on board the third miner and the rest of the stuff of which he had been left in charge and proceeded on our trip down the lake. But we soon noticed that this was impossible; the boat (or rather the scow, for she was flat-bottomed and had no bow) was taking in water so fast that we hurried to the shore and discharged all that part of the cargo we thought it necessary to get rid of. I, with Brother Fuller, was left in charge of the cargo ashore, and Father Robaut remained with our three companions. They reached the foot of Bennet lake, entered Takoo lake through a short link river, sailed down to the foot of Takoo lake and camped about midway on the link river between Lake Takoo and Lake Marsh. On Sunday, August 8th, the good-hearted Brother was growing uneasy about what he would give me for dinner all these days we had to remain waiting for the return of our boat. He consequently started on a hunting trip, reached a well-defined trail of a band of mountain sheep and followed it on the very ridge of the mountain until hunger and fatigue compelled him to beat back and return to the camp. But before he had time to express his disappointment and describe his wearisome trip, lo and behold! his feeling of down-heartedness was changed into joy and he gave three lusty cheers. While he was away I had taken hold of the fishing rod and commenced fishing; five fine fishes, pronounced by connoisseurs to be Arctic trout —the largest of which measured fourteen inches—were the reward of my light and easy labor: the first fish caught by one of my party in the head waters of the Youcon. They furnished us with supper that Sunday and breakfast the following morning, and many days will elapse before I eat a meal with as much relish as I did the Arctic trout of Lake Bennet. On Monday the Brother shot a partridge, and on Tuesday I shot one myself, so that divine Providence, while feeding the birds of the air, evidently does not neglect the missionary.

Finally, on Wednesday, August 11th, our boat returned. Father Robaut arrived in good health and spirits and the two miners that brought him back informed me that they had struck good timber; they would now take the balance of their stuff in our boat to their new camping grounds, build a boat for themselves, and part with us after seeing us safely fitted out. I obtained from them a promise that they would first allow us to fetch Father Tosi and all our provisions down to the present camp, where I had remained with

Brother Fuller. This being agreed to, we left at 4 P. M., that same day; Father Robaut, the Brother and myself rowed all the evening and we reached Father Tosi's place at 10 P. M.; he was overjoyed at seeing us back again. Without delay we loaded our boat with all our stuff, returned at once, and reached the camp, where we had left the two miners, at 4 o'clock on Thursday morning. We discharged all our cargo; the two miners placed on board of our boat all that part of their baggage which they had been compelled previously to put ashore and leave in my charge, and as Father Tosi had been left alone so many days I volunteered to be a hermit in my turn; so that the two miners left with Father Tosi, Father Robaut and the Brother, leaving me alone to watch over our baggage. The arrangement was that, as soon as the miners should have reached their new camping place, the boat would undergo a thorough overhauling, and after being made water-tight and safe, should be brought back to my camp to load our baggage and to make a definite start down the lakes and the Youcon. During my lonely stay at that camp on the shores of Lake Bennet nothing remarkable occurred, except a visit I received from four miners, who had travelled overland thirteen days from Salmon river, being nearly starved to death. I gave them supper, and as many provisions as they needed to reach Juneau. To complete my account of my lonely stay at Camp No. 3, on the lakes, I must say that I availed myself of the absence of the others to subject my clothing to a strict inspection. So Saturday, August 14th, was a general washing day; not only the altar linen, but towels, handkerchiefs and underwear underwent a thorough cleansing. If you had seen my clothespins you would have been very much amused; some of them burst. But, of course, my discomfiture was all to myself. Monday, August 16th, was a general mending day. I had to remain under my blankets to subject some of my clothing to the necessary repairs, perfectly safe from any intruder's visit. I hope you will pardon me the minuteness of these private details. They serve, at any rate, to give a complete description of a missionary's life in a new country. The aspect of the country is grand beyond description. The mountains on either side of the lakes are lofty, shaggy, rugged and steep; they range, I presume, from three to four thousand feet above the level of the sea. Balsam-fir, hemlock, alder, cottonwood and willow are in abundance. Many pretty wildflowers adorn the slopes of the mountains. I saw wild gooseberries, wild raspberries, strawberries, huckleber-

ries, salmonberries, etc., etc. I noticed also some rose bushes, but the flowers were not yet open. Eagles, gulls, geese, ducks, partridges, woodpeckers, robins, kingfishers, swallows, some other small birds and some singing birds give a lively appearance to the country, even around the upper lakes. Bears are numerous; so also are ground squirrels, rabbits and mountain sheep. Father Tosi saw an animal like a very large cat, standing on the other side of the river connecting Lindeman and Bennet lakes, but the shouting of some Indian women frightened it away. It is supposed to have been a lynx. Finally, the abundance of fish is literally incredible.

To my great joy my lonely stay on the west shore of Bennet lake was put an end to on Thursday, August 19th, by the return of Fathers Tosi and Robaut and Brother Fuller in our own boat, which was now strong and water-tight, and was now capable of carrying us down the Youcon river.

We made a definite start the following day, Friday, August 20th, followed by two miners in their own boat. On Saturday evening we camped at the foot of Bennet lake. We reached the foot of Takoo lake the following evening, passed Lake Marsh on Monday and entered the river that connects Lake Takoo with Lake Labarge about noon of the same day.

It was on the river between Marsh or Mud lake and Lake Labarge that we met the most serious obstacles to navigation, in the shape of a succession of rapids about four miles long.

These rapids are between two canyons — Miles Canyon and White Horse Canyon. Each canyon is about one mile long, and they necessitated consequently two portages—the packing of which was done by ourselves. Miles Canyon lies between two steep, almost perpendicular banks of basalt in the shape of columns, through which the whole river, compressed into a space of fifty feet, rushes with tremendous velocity. The water boils up in large waves, having a depression in the centre, so that no floating object can possibly strike against the rocks of the bank. For about a quarter of a mile the banks are nearly parallel, then they widen out, the current being more slack between two eddies; the water, after leaving this wide spot, rushes over a large rock into another channel, and leaves the canyon roaring and foaming, as if to testify to its fury. One boat was unloaded, and the cargo, as I said, packed across the trail along the canyon. Brother Fuller took the helm, Father Robaut took one oar, the miner we had picked up at the foot of

Lake Marsh took the other, and as I did not want to see my people jeopardize their lives without sharing their danger, I took my place in the front of the boat, my watch in hand, to measure the velocity of our locomotion. My presence seemed to remove from my followers all dread of the gloomy canyon. We started off at 1 P. M., and in a moment the swift current caught our boat and whirled it between the breakers on each side of the canyon. It was a terrible scene. We were visibly on an incline, and rushing down hill with the velocity of a locomotive. The roaring of the water, the spray that filled the air all around us, the waves that struck our scow, which rolled and pitched as on the billows of the sea, made an impression on our minds that will not easily be forgotten. But we had no time for reflection. In a few minutes we found ourselves in a slack current and between two eddies which we had to avoid most carefully. Then another plunge into the rest of the canyon. Passing over a rock over which the water poured and formed a real liquid hill behind us, that screened from our view the head of the canyon, we were hauled right and left, tossed and shaken, skipping the water at intervals, and emerged from the dark place, having made a mile in three minutes and twenty-five seconds. A quick motion of the rudder gave a sharp turn to our scow and brought her into slack water; whilst we landed, three of the miners waved their hats at us to congratulate us on the success of our achievement.

We found ice in our dishpan on Wednesday morning, August 25th. We left the foot of Miles Canyon about 7 o'clock through rapids of a most dangerous nature, and reached safely the head of White Horse Canyon, a distance of about two miles. Here we had to unload our boat again and pack the cargo once more, a distance of about a mile. Next day we let our boat down the canyon, holding her stern from the shore with a line and pushing her off the rocks with poles. This canyon has not the same dreadful appearance as Miles Canyon, but the water is shallow and very boisterous; it rushes over boulders, and dashing against them, it recoils and boils backward, covering itself with a white crest which some extravagant imagination has compared to the mane of a white horse. At one moment our boat was in immediate danger of perishing. She filled with water, sank, and carried away by the current, snatched the lines from the hands that were holding them, when, in the nick of time, the Brother caught the lines with a pole; all joining in a supreme effort, we got control of the boat and brought her to an eddy. She was was promptly bailed out

and landed safely at the foot of White Horse Canyon. We left that camp in the afternoon of the same day, killed four ducks and went into camp two miles below the mouth of Takeena river. Next day, August 27th, we had our first snow-storm and camped at the head of Lake Labarge, which is forty miles long, and was crossed by us on Saturday, August 28th. Finally, starting again on Monday, which was yesterday, we made sixty-five miles in eight hours, travelling not unfrequently at the rate of twelve miles an hour. A loon brought down by the gun of the Brother gave us last night a sumptuous supper. We shot at three flocks of geese, but in vain. We are now about to push on northward, and are within five days' navigation from the mouth of Stuart river, where we shall decide on selecting our winter quarters; and we are about two hundred and sixty-one miles from the salt water, that is from Chilcoot. I am reluctantly compelled to put an end to this letter, and as I do not expect to find any time for writing before reaching Stuart river, whence the returning Indians have already started, I cannot find another chance to write to you until next year. Adieu! May God bless you and our good priests and Sisters. Continue to pray for me and believe me,

Yours truly in Jesus Christ,

✝ CHARLES J. SEGHERS,

Archbishop of Vancouver Island.

MEXICO.

SALTILLO, Dec. 23rd, 1886.

REV. DEAR FATHER IN CHRIST,

P. C.

I have just perused your two long letters and feel myself bound, I confess, to answer you at as great length. "This is just what I wish," I hear you say. Very well, but I doubt very much whether I shall be able to interest you. On the eve of setting out on a journey, and after just returning from others, there is not much leisure left to enjoy letter-writing. I say *enjoy*, for it is certainly a great pleasure to write to my old fellow novice, junior and philosopher—and God knows what more— Father La Cerda. But you ask, "whither this journey and whence do you come?" It is rumored that I am going to Puebla next Monday. And

where do I come from? This is not a short story and needs time and space for the telling of it.

Having finished towards the end of October our year's task of teaching, we went to the villa of a friend of Ours, about a mile's distance from this College. There is near by a little church which we looked on as our own, or as a domestic chapel; wherefore, during our stay at the villa, it contained the Blessed Sacrament. While there Fr. Alzola carried away by his zeal determined to give an evening retreat to the farmers and merchants, but to the men only; for the women, in general, are good and frequently approach the Sacraments. They formed a league with the Father, the object of which was to bring their husbands and relatives to church. Their success was such that from sixty to eighty were present every night. Perhaps desirous not to see me idle Fr. Alzola asked me to help him. By way of distraction one of us preached each night and, thanks be to God, we reaped a rich harvest. We were already acquainted with the docility of these people and knew that, although they live so near a city in which there is much evil, they are a people of very correct morals. I think that this is owing to a priest stationed in another church about an hour's distance from the one we occupied. Would there were more priests and all as good as the one I speak of! I said that we were already acquainted with these people. This was because of a mission which Fr. Alzola and myself gave quite lately in the church in which the above mentioned priest dwells. But as I do not recollect whether or not I have given you all the details of that little mission, I shall be silent about it and tell you rather of another mission given a few days ago in the land wherein your Reverence at present resides.

We two then, that is, Fr. Alzola and I, betook ourselves to Laredo in Texas, and at once began our task. But with what coldness we met there! Almost the entire town is composed of Mexicans and yet how different from those who live here! They showed very little enthusiasm indeed. Would you believe that out of 6000 Catholics, almost all of whom are Mexicans, only 1300 approached the Holy Table? The church was never full although it is for the greater part, not to say entirely supplied with pews. There reigned, it is true, wonderful order and a death-like silence, and this was to us a source of encouragement. But we were much pained to see that so many kept away from the exercises. Do not think that this happened because there was question of a mere devotion. No; even on Sunday the church is never full during the two Masses; though according to my

calculations it ought to be filled during four or six Masses. And yet, I speak of the population of the city only; for were I to include the ranchos where should I stop?—as the parish extends over one hundred and twenty by sixty miles. They are little by little imbibing the spirit of Protestantism; thus, for instance, in Laredo, people had adopted the maxim that confession is not necessary. For God, they say, in His infinite mercy could not allow them to be lost forever. And in fact, a great many people never went to confession, who yet were very much in need of it. Still they have not as yet, thanks be to God, denied their religion and this gives us hope.

The Episcopalians have here an Academy for girls, to which Catholics send their children: some alleging, as pretext, that they wish their children to learn English, and some without any pretext whatsoever. The pretext of learning English is invalid, for they have in the city itself, without being obliged to go out where the Seminary is situated —they have, I say an academy under the direction of the Ursuline Nuns in which English is so taught that the use of any other language is forbidden. The terms are most reasonable, viz., $10 a month for boarders. At the Episcopalian Academy the children of the poor are received on this iniquitous condition: that they be left entirely in the hands of the Directresses—or Directors, for I know not what they are—until they have reached the age of eighteen when they are transformed into Episcopalian missionaries. What bright jewels after their education! Though the parish priest refuses Holy Communion to some of the mothers who send their daughters to that Academy, it is, notwithstanding, crowded with pupils. In a Baptist school of Saltillo a scandalous affair has come to light, and yet the school is still open. I must have told you already that the Sisters of the Incarnation have opened a school to counteract the bad effect of the Baptist one and that it is flourishing. And now let us talk about more pleasant topics, otherwise you might justly call me a croaker. And yet I am not sorry to have told you all this if it induces your Reverence and other charitable Fathers and Brothers to renew your and their prayers for the conversion of sinners; if it encourages those engaged in the hard task of studying to render themselves daily better fitted to cope manfully with the enemies of our Holy Religion—but to other topics.

What was that good news which was to cause you such joy? I shall tell you; it is nothing less than the foundation of our future *Collegium Maximum* here in Saltillo. I think

I have already told you that work was going on in this College, and that the buildings were enlarged together with the garden, which is very extensive. Well, a new building is going up entirely independent of the college building and destined to become our *Collegium Maximum.* For the present year it will receive only theologians; the philosophers will come later on. The studies will open with four or five students. Fr. Zaton, just arrived from Cienfuegos, will teach moral, and I think that Fr. Mas will teach dogma and some other things.

As I am to deal with boys next year in Puebla, I won't have any more missionary news to communicate, unless I should receive some from Fr. Labrador, for the distance which will separate us is short. In this case I should have much to tell you; in the meantime I recommend myself most earnestly to your Holy Sacrifices and prayers.

Your servant in Christ,

FRANCISCO RIVERO, S. J.

DENMARK.

ORDRUPSHOJ, Dec. 12th, 1886.

REVEREND DEAR FATHER,

P. C.

The northern countries once so dear to the heart of our holy Father, St. Ignatius, are no less dear to his sons of the present day. Every month each one of us contributes his mite of prayers for the conversion of these countries, while to a few of us it is granted to be actually engaged in realizing the wishes of our holy Father. When, however, we cast a glance over the immense desert of irreligion in the northern part of Europe, the few Catholic missionary stations scattered here and there appear like so many oases in the vast Sahara. In Denmark there are nine or ten such oases, and in three of these we come across our Fathers; viz.; in Copenhagen, the capital, situated on the Sound; in Aarhus, the second city in size of the realm; and in Ordrupshoj. In this last named place, however, we have no parish; but it is so much the more important as the seat of a College.

Let us first pay a visit to Copenhagen, the capital. Beautifully situated on the blue Sound, venerable for its old Catholic history, and noted for its fine harbor, it is at the

present day the most important city of the North. Immediately after the Reformation our Fathers of the old Society endeavored to reclaim the souls who had wandered from the right path during that time of tumult and convulsion. To gain back souls to Christ Fr. Schach did not hesitate to put on the disguise of vender of mouse-traps; another Father, not known to be a Jesuit, was on the point of receiving a professorship of history, when at the very moment that all things seemed to be arranged, he was discovered and was obliged to seek safety in flight. Thereupon the government, to keep out this dangerous element—the Jesuits — decreed that any Jesuit found in the realm should be visited with capital punishment. But their precautions were useless. As chaplains of Catholic ambassadors our Fathers found entrance into the capital. After the restoration of the Society, the zeal of our Fathers was only exerted on a mission conducted by Fr. Roh, in 1862. This mission attracted such attention that it was said: 'Were there three Jesuits in the country, in the space of ten years Denmark would again be Catholic.' The expulsion of our Fathers from Germany brought new laborers to the mission of Denmark; the work of conversion however went on but slowly. The first of these Fathers who settled in Copenhagen lived with the secular priests; not long after they succeeded in obtaining their own dwelling and in it they opened a chapel for the public. Their labor was now divided between their own little chapel and the principal church of the city, where they assisted the secular priest in preaching and hearing confessions. By organizing a sodality of the Blessed Virgin the field of labor was widened. This sodality, considering all the difficulties the missionaries had to encounter, made gigantic progress. It was soon found expedient to divide it off into two parts, one for young men and another for elderly men; the first under the direction of Fr. de Geyr numbers forty members; the other under the direction of Fr. Brinkmann, about eighty members. In the year 1883 a new and very desirable field of labor was thrown open to our Fathers at Copenhagen. Besides the Catholic church of St. Ansgar there is in that city also a small church of the Holy Child, with which a small high school is connected. Both chapel and school were, up to the time of which I speak, under the management of secular priests. Our Fathers willingly accepted them, but soon found that the situation was not favorable. In 1885, therefore, Fr. Straeter purchased a large lot in the business part of the city, whereon, at present, a proud edifice rears its head, of which the chaste, yet impres-

sive architecture throws the neighboring hovels altogether into the shade. Just now it answers the triple purpose of school, residence and chapel. In the course of time we intend to build a fine church; the plan is already finished. There are about forty pupils in our school and the number is on the increase. That our schools do not increase with greater rapidity is owing to the fact that education is very well attended to in Denmark. The capital, for example, has an excess of schools, and among these are many free schools. Perhaps when we move to our new school-house we shall have a larger number of pupils. As you see, the work of our Fathers, though not a very grand one, is still, with the blessing of God, not entirely devoid of good fruit. You must also remember, that besides our Fathers, there are six secular priests in Copenhagen, while the number of Catholics practical and non-practical, all told, does not reach 2000.

Not far from the capital occupying one of the prettiest sights in all Denmark is our College of Ordrupshoj. To the northeast, beautifully laid out and filled with hundreds of deer, is a park-like forest. Standing on the elevation on which the College is built and looking towards the southeast, you get a clear view of the blue waters of the Sound, and the Baltic and the dark shores of Sweden. To the south is obtained a full view of the capital. Not far from the College is a castle of the king and one of the crown-prince. A more beautiful situation for a college could not be imagined — close to the capital, it yet possesses surroundings that are ever inviting to a pleasant walk amid the shades of its tall trees or to the luxury of a bath in the refreshing sea. But it is evident that to run a college successfully a good number of students is essential. This want of pupils is precisely the greatest cross for our College at Ordrupshoj. You must not conclude from this, however, that the College is without its good influence; with our forty pupils we manage to effect more than might appear at first sight. About one third of the scholars are Protestants. You can hardly imagine what prejudices exist against us here among the Protestants. The greatest good which the College is effecting is to do away with these prejudices; for among the Protestants who attend our College are always some of influential parents, and these at least put aside their old prejudices. Occasionally also one or another is brought over to the true faith. A second good which the College is effecting is the respect it inspires for the Catholic religion. Our Fathers, namely, and our pupils are held in high esteem; for our pupils have generally passed good examinations. If then, the number

of our scholars is small this is not of such great consequence as might at first appear. We have eight classes; two preparatory classes, and six Latin classes. At the end of the fourth Latin an examination is passed in Latin, German, Mathematics, Natural History, and Geography. Two years later they pass the last examination, *Examen artium*, which opens the way for higher studies and to public offices. Our Catholic pupils are generally of the poorer classes, nay, the poorest of the poor. As all public offices and positions are already more than filled, Catholics cannot easily obtain important positions; our Protestant pupils are more successful in this respect. Many of our Catholic pupils are children of mixed marriages and their education at the College is a great benefit to them. On Sundays and Holydays the Protestant pupils assist at our services, but on week days they are free to attend. When the Christian doctrine is explained they are questioned in Bible History only. Formerly they had also to attend the Catechism classes. As I said above, most of the Catholic pupils are poor; a great many of these are supported by the alms of a rich lady, a convert to the Catholic faith; it is to her charity also that we owe the lot on which the College is built — not to mention many other of her great benefits. You may probably say, then, that the Fathers of Ordrupshoj are very well off and have not such a hard time of it after all; and yet, I think that most of us would rather be occupied in a large college; for, if you leave out the correction of exercises, as regards work, it matters little whether you have six or eight, thirty or forty pupils in your class. There is no doubt that it is more encouraging for a professor to have a large class; for then he is certain that with some, at least, his labors will be successful. Our consolation, however, must be drawn from a spirit of faith.

It now only remains for us to make a little visit to Aarhus, the largest city on the peninsula of Jutland. In the beginning of the present century, this city had only 4000 inhabitants, now it has 30,000. When Fr. Straeter came here, he found but two Catholics, now it has 400 and a beautiful Gothic church which has attracted the attention of the whole community. The school is under the direction of the nuns, and is making rapid progress. There are conversions here continually; last year they numbered seventeen; unhappily there are also some defections from the true faith. You see from this that the work of our Fathers is not altogether without fruit and that your beads at the beginning of the month, for the conversion of northern nations, are not said in vain.

Though, as I have said, the greater part of the Catholics belong to the lower ranks of Society, still the Catholic church of Denmark can boast of several prominent members. Thus the daughter of the duke of Chartres, who about a year and a half ago married Prince Waldemar, the youngest son of the king, is a great honor to catholicity. This Prince is the same to whom a short time ago was offered the crown of Bulgaria, His wife, the princess Maria, used to drive to our church every Sunday, when she was spending the summer at a neighboring castle of the king. This, in a Protestant locality, deserves no little commendation. Another prominent Catholic is Count Holstein Ledreborg, a convert. He is considered one of the most brilliant men of the realm and were he not on the side of the opposition he would have been in the Cabinet long before this. One of his sons attends at the College, and the whole family are zealous Catholics. I will mention only one more of our influential Catholics—the assistant of the National Observatory, H. Pechuele. In the capital the Vicar-Apostolic is doing all in his power to promote Catholicity by means of Catholic societies; and splendid and consoling has been the result of his endeavors. A society of Catholic citizens, the "Unio," lately rendered great services to the Catholic cause; seeing that the citizens of Copenhagen were about to pass over unnoticed the two hundredth anniversary of their Catholic fellow-citizen and Bishop, the renowned anatomist and geologist, Niels Stenson, this society proceeded to make arrangements for the occasion. They succeeded so admirably that from all sides the loudest encomiums were lavished upon them by friend and foe alike. They were especially happy in their choice of speaker—the above-named Count Holstein.

And now, if you ask what hopes are there for the mission in the future, I must say, that humanly speaking they are not very great. The obstacles to our success arise partly from the national faults of the people, partly from the opposition of the National Church. The old proverb is applicable here "Wess Brod ich ess, dess Lied ich singe." Our entire public life is bound up with Protestantism. Thousands derive their support from the National Church, and this means a great deal in a poor country like Denmark. Everybody, ourselves included, must pay tithes to the Protestant ministers. I shall give but one example to show how firmly the National Church has taken root in Denmark. A short time ago there appeared in the papers a royal order of the Cabinet by which his gracious majesty, the king, vouchsafed to allow the Protestant ministers to receive communion at

their own hands, in case of necessity. You see, therefore, that the downfall of the National Church would form our only hope. But as such an event can hardly be expected; we can only continue for the present, to pray hard and often, and relying on the Providence of God, console ourselves with the thought that later on, the field now sown with so much labor, will yield an abundant harvest.

Yours in Christ, Z.

ITALY.

ROME, Jan. 18th, 1887.

DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST,

P. C.

One who has visited the various towns of continental Europe is pretty well prepared for the sight of the multitude of soldiers that throng the streets of Rome in martial splendor. If this were formerly a priest-ridden country, as our amiable Protestant brethren used to call it in holy horror, it is now much more truly soldier-ridden— there being in a comparatively small city like Rome, twelve thousand troops; and although the improvement made in the fighting qualities of the people remains yet to be tested, it may be assumed *a priori* that neither faith nor morals have been benefited by the exchange of the spiritual for the worldly militia. Whithersoever you turn you are sure to find those gorgeous representatives of imperial strength and Italian unity hurrying to and fro, sometimes singly, sometimes in squads, sometimes in regiments, sometimes with music in front, and then always with a troop of very young and very old admirers in the rear, charmed into pursuit like the rats and children of Hamelin Town in the days of the Pied Piper. Almost in every street and in every out of the way corner the soldier can be seen either pacing up and down or resting on his musket before some large imposing building.

But it is not my intention to write you a letter on the military affairs of Italy, about which neither I nor anybody else knows anything, and concerning which I believe and hope your readers care nothing but to see it disgorge its ill-gotten booty: it is, strange to say, an association of ideas that has given me this introduction. For these barracks in which the soldiers are housed, and these government buildings before

which the silent sentinel (as poets call him) paces all day and all night are the plundered convents and monasteries seized by the Piedmontese invaders in 1870, when their immense army so gallantly overcame the handful of Papal troops that defended Porta Pia. The first act of the usurping government was to disestablish the religious orders, and as they thus died intestate all their property went to the state. And thus Franciscan convents and Dominican monasteries and religious houses of every description were seized upon by these despoilers; some became barracks, some government offices, some stables, some museums, some public libraries, etc.; and some again were rented out for revenue. Even the Pope's property was not respected; and the whole world knows how the notorious and shameless figure-head of the usurpation stabled himself in the Sacred Palace of the Quirinal, from whence his legitimate offspring still rules—as a tool can rule—the destinies of new United Italy. The Society suffered in the universal confiscation; even if all the others had been spared she would have suffered anyhow. The hatred for the Jesuit here amounts simply to fanaticism. The bad meaning of the word is not confined to the English language. Jesuit has still more vile and more cruel significations in the languages of the continent. All the revolutionists realize fully that it means the enemy, even as Gambetta said of ecclesiasticism, in general. The Roman College, in which nearly the entire youth of Rome was educated for generations became a public school, retaining still the name of Collegio Romano. Its fine library was given over to the public (how generous !) under the title of Biblioteca Vittorio Emmanuele, in honor of the Pater Patriæ, and there the Roman bricklayer after the fatigues of the day's work and the drover from the Campagna on his visit to the city, and the hod-carrier during his hour of leisure may drop in to recreate their wearied intellects over the exhilarating pages of Alexander Halensis, or to quench their thirst for science by deep draughts of Duns Scotus' subtilties. The Kircherian museum gives its unjust possessor half a franc from every visitor. All this is unintelligible to us—unintelligible to any one with the faintest ideas of right and wrong, and the blood of a Catholic fairly boils with wrath when he beholds on every side of him universal desecration. The Professed House, adjoining the Gesù, belongs to the war department; and the novitiate of San Andrea, with all its hallowed memories, sanctified as it had been by the living virtues of St. Stanislaus, and of so many others who have since been raised to

the honors of the altar, was rented out until such time as the ruling power would be able to demolish it, a piece of vandalism now almost completed. This was the reason of the dispersion of 1870. No new legislation was enacted then, as far as I know, but the evicted religious, deprived of their homes, had to seek the shelter of foreign hospitality in Spain, England and France; the last named country had not yet become possessed with the mad desire of outheroding Herod. Some of the older Fathers managed to obtain shelter in Rome and remained there; amongst these were the professors of the German and South American Colleges, both of which seminaries are under the direction of Ours. The teaching staff of the Roman College took up its quarters in the German College, where the philosophical and theological classes were continued under the title of the Gregorian University; and to the lectures given here came all the colleges that had hitherto attended the classes of the Collegio Romano. One exception was made in the work of confiscation: the Observatory remained under the charge of Fr. Secchi, who exacted from the government a solemn promise that after his death it would remain under the control of his religious brethren, for on this condition only would he assume the direction of it. But as the keeping of this promise implied a certain amount of honesty, of course it was not kept; and so immediately after Fr. Secchi's death the strong hand took possession of the Observatory that he had made famous, and his legitimate successor was driven from it by violence. The old novitiate of San Andrea was, as I have said, rented out, and was fortunately obtained by the South American College. Very Rev. Fr. General lived there since his withdrawal from the government of the Society until last summer, and in it the saintly Cardinal Franzelin closed his splendid career last month, a grace no doubt obtained by the prayers he offered up that he might die in that holy house. The greater part of it is torn down, so that the seminarians are confined to one small section; and before the year is over the novitiate of San Andrea will be a thing of history only, and the South American College will have moved into their splendid new building recently completed in another part of the city.

Some few years ago the scholastics of the Roman Province were brought back to the city for philosophy and theology. A beginning was effected by boarding them in one of the national seminaries — the Belgian, I believe — from which they went daily to the lectures in the Universita Gregoriana. Several changes were made before they succeeded in procur-

ing a house for themselves, which they did finally in the Via Guiglia. Here at least with all its inconveniences and discomforts—for the house was small and in no way suited to the purpose—they had the advantage of being together in their own house and of community life — indeed too much community, as they were doubled, tripled and quadrupled in small rooms and dark corridors. Here too they had to make morning and afternoon journeys to class in the Via del Seminario—and this state of things continued until the close of the last scholastic year.

Last summer the German College bought the Hotel Costanza, a splendid building in a very high and very eligible part of the city; and the Society purchased their vacated premises, and this is the commencement of scholastic or scholasticate life once again in the Roman Province. The Universita Gregoriana, formerly the Collegio Germanico, and still previous to that the Collegio dei Nobili, and yet previous to that, and originally, the Palazzo Borromeo, is the new scholasticate which, as its various titles indicate, has served a variety of purposes in its time. It was erected by the Borromeo family as a palace centuries ago, but after the Council of Trent, owing no doubt to the piety of some member of that famously pious family, became a seminary for ecclesiastics: hence the name of the narrow street on which it stands, Via del Seminario. Then it was used as the College of Nobles—whatever that means —and finally for years was known as the Collegio Germanico. The building exteriorly has nothing to recommend it except its solidity; it is a large, sombre, quadrangular structure with an immense gate and heavily barred windows on the lower floor which recall the days of ready riot and family factions, and give one some idea of the desperate character of a Roman mob in the hands of demagogues or fanatics. The interior is not so gloomy as its exterior would lead one to expect. Everything that belonged to the old original palace is on a scale of great magnificence. The rooms are large, the corridors spacious, and the stairways vaster even than those of our new College in Philadelphia. I have made a limitation by saying this of all that belonged to the old original palace only: for the system of patchwork in building seems to have been carried to the highest perfection here. Indeed in this more skill is shown than in patching shoes or coats. In consequence of the varied history of the building different additions have been made to it at different periods and in accordance with its diversified uses, which may have been also additions to its comfort and usefulness — as these are

understood here—but in no wise added to its artistic merits, nor to its comfortableness, as this is understood elsewhere; so that the whole would be a striking kindergarten illustration of what philosophers call a *compositum* or *unum per accidens*, and very much like the hypothetic picture introducing the Ars Poetica. As the narrow streets of Rome would scarcely permit an enlargement by ground extension, this was effected here by altitude, if I may be allowed the expression. The attic scheme at Woodstock will give you some idea, though here the effect is more Doric. When a new room was needed it was simply erected in the spot required on the roof of the building. When necessity demanded another elsewhere, it too went up in its own proper corner; and in course of time other additions might have to be constructed on top of these afterthoughts, and so forth, as indefinitely as security and the foundations would permit. It is easy to imagine the consequences—labyrinths and coveys without number; small narrow bridges over corridors, unexpected stairways, surprises everywhere. Such is, in a general way, the building of the Universita Gregoriana. Here it is that the Society still carries out a part of the work done formerly in the Roman College, since only philosophy and theology with their cognate sciences are taught here. In another part of the city are the academic classes about which you may have some information later. From hence Cardinal Franzelin was forced into a more conspicuous station; here it was that Fr. Mazzella perfected the work commenced in Woodstock eighteen years ago, and was in consequence elevated to the Cardinalate; and here too Fr. De Augustinis is already adding to his still fresh Woodstock fame. The total number of students attending the University is about five hundred and eighty, of whom nearly three hundred are theologians. As is well known the different nations have their own College in Rome besides their home diocesan or provincial seminaries; and the students of these Colleges attend the lectures of one or other of the Universities for which the Eternal City is famous. Thus some go to the Propaganda, some to the Dominican Minerva, some to the Appolinaris, etc. I am told that the students of the Gregorian University are more numerous than those of all the other Universities put together—that is, the students of philosophy and theology. The greater number of colleges, together with several religious orders and congregations come hither in quest of science. By referring to the catalogue of the present year I find the following Colleges represented: the German, South American, Belgian, English, Scotch,

Polish, French, together with numerous Italian seminaries from every part of Italy, and religious Congregations from all parts of the world; Benedictines from England and Syria; Oblates of Mary Immaculate from France and Canada and the United States; Trinitarians from Spain; and Resurrectionists from America. It is a very interesting sight to see these students in their different uniforms and habits going to and coming from class. They generally march two deep in bands of fifteen or twenty. The Germans, in their cassock and winged sopranna of scarlet — which has dubbed them the lobsters—are the most conspicuous of all: the Scotch wear penitential violet; the English, sombre black; the South Americans, black and blue (as if they had been beaten), and so on through the list, with the singular dresses of some of the religious Congregations added thereto. It must be very humiliating to the government to find the Society that it fain would crush as active and as efficacious as ever in its teaching, notwithstanding all the efforts that have been made to impair its usefulness. It is no particular love for religion nor for the Society that wins for it this impunity. In the beginning of the year, before the meeting of Parliament, there were threats of direful persecution; speeches were made by scoundrels calling for the extermination of all religious, and first on the list, the hated Jesuits; newspapers were loud in their denunciations of clericalism, calling upon all patriotic citizens to rise to the dignity of the occasion; the Pope was burned in effigy, and other brutal but harmless insults were made against religion with much insane enthusiasm. *Parturiunt montes*, and nothing yet, not even the contemptible mouse has come forth. The Papal Brief in favor of the Society was the cause of all this smoke. When Parliament did meet in November it found the country the laughing stock of the civilized world—even of the mighty Bismarck — for its religious terrors; and it found, too, much more important business on hand than the persecution of monks and nuns. The great war cloud in the North, and the sound of many feet of armed men in central Europe arrested its attention and gave it food for political reflection that it may have some trouble in digesting; and so religion will probably be left alone until the great war that now seems inevitable be over. In the meantime we may pray and hope that the approaching war may free Christ's Vicar from a state of things which he himself has pronounced to be intolerable.

In the classes of the University no repetitions are given,

and no last quarter is devoted to the solution of difficulties. It is a clear hour of pure doctrine, which he who can may take in. After the evening class there is circle for half an hour which our scholastics do not attend, except those who may be *moderatores circuli*. They have their own private circle later in the evening over which the Professor presides. But the Professor has nothing to do with the class circles proper; his duties are confined to the hour's lecture daily, with one exception that he has charge of the *Sabbatina*, which is common to all, Ours and externs, and in which each one has to take his turn. For the daily half hour circles of the extern students, some one of the class is appointed presiding officer, sometimes one of our scholastics, sometimes one of the other students, and his duty it is to keep time and order, and to settle doubts as best he may in the interim. At the *Sabbatina* all the accumulated doubts and difficulties of the week are handed in to the Professor of the class for an ultimate decision. It is not to be imagined, however, that the pupils are left to the stray chances of a week's memory for a resolution of all their doubts. I fear much that many difficulties would be unsolved forever in the minds of the troubled, if they had to carry around a week's load of knotty questions. Each College has resident in it an official expert in all ecclesiastical, philosophical and theological lore, who is termed a *repetitor*, that is, one to assist the students, in their studies. Under the *repetitor* are held private circles at home; he solves the difficulties of the students and helps them along in various ways. As can be imagined this office is no sinecure. Sometimes there is one *repetitor* for all the three different years of philosophy, which means that sometimes he has to defend and expose in one class that which he repudiates as improbable in the other, according to the different views and teaching of different professors. I have remarked that all seem anxious to have a Jesuit as *repetitor;* and a student of one of these foreign Colleges once remarked to me that it was no wonder the German students were so excellent, since they lived entirely under Jesuit influences.

I hope you may have been able to get some idea of our present situation here from this rambling letter. You will see that notwithstanding all the troubles that have afflicted this unfortunate country since 1870, very little difference has been effected in the work of the Society as far as philosophy and theology are concerned. I had hoped to be able to say something about the other colleges of the Society in Rome, but it would swell this letter beyond the

limits of the patience of your readers and of the writer. Perhaps at some future time I may be able to give you more information. I would like only to say something about our church work here—and about this I can say very little on account of the circumstances in which I am placed — since this has made a deeper impression upon me, because entirely unexpected, than even the great college work. Our Church of the Gesù is still, I believe, the most popular church in Rome; and by popular I do not mean stylish or aristocratic—no church in Rome is popular in that sense— but popular in the intensity and extent of its fervor. It is a church of surpassing beauty, and though not of great size if compared with other Roman churches, still is larger, I believe, than any American church with the exception of the New York Cathedral and one or two other great churches of the United States. It is without pews, and therefore, can accommodate many more than even a larger church in America. The sight of this splendid church on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception was one never to be forgotten. The great temple was literally packed with people, even the large and beautiful side altars being crowded — and this multitude was not composed mostly of women, but men from every sphere of life seemed to be in the majority. There was a sermon by a famous preacher, after which Cardinal Melchers gave Benediction during which the great congregation joined with the choir in chanting the Litanies of the Blessed Virgin. The decorations and illuminations were superb. The same scene was repeated on New Year's eve, when the *Te Deum* was sung by the vast congregation in thanksgiving to God for all the blessings of the past year. The Cardinal Vicar officiated in place of the Pope who used to attend this ceremony in happier times. A Protestant American lady who was present at this service told me she had never seen anything so impressive in her life. The true Catholic democracy of the Church can be seen nowhere as in Rome. It is first come, first served, and I have seen, literally speaking, prince and peasant, priest and laborer, bishop and huckster crowding together in the most blissful equality. All distinction is lost within the sacred portal, and here I would like to remark that judging from the Roman letters usually found in our Catholic papers written by some one, probably, who has never gone outside of the capes or beyond Sandy Hook, one would be led to suppose that the Romans are a very irreligious people, and that Catholic faith and piety are dead in the Eternal

City. Nothing can be further from the truth. Leaving out the Irish cities, Rome is still the most deeply Catholic city in the world: you may visit its churches at any hour of the day and you will be surprised at the numbers of men and women quietly praying before some sacred shrine. This is the seat of the government, therefore all its wickedness has its centre here; the legislature, into which no good Catholic can enter, is bad: there is a large military force permanently stationed here, the influence of which is everywhere demoralizing; all the revolutionists and socialists of the country naturally turn to Rome, the capital— but none of these are the Roman people. Add to this the fact that the unprincipled and the lawless are ever making themselves heard, and ever ready for some deed of violence, while on the contrary, the law-abiding citizen seeks retirement, and you will have some idea of the importance to be given to these exaggerating Roman correspondents. They seem to have their eyes turned upon one side all the time, because, I suppose, it is more sensational. There are certain animals in our barn yards that can make under a gate a noise much out of proportion with their worth or numbers, and the same applies to the revolutionary element in Rome. The sight of one of the great churches on a festival day, or of a crowd kneeling around one of the miraculous pictures or statues in the afternoon, or of the motley throng climbing the long and steep Scala Santa on their knees will give a much truer representation, I believe, of the heart and faith of the people of this favored city. Besides the Gesù we have close to us the Church of San Ignazio attached to the Roman College. It is still practically our collegiate church, and in it the University attended in a body the solemn requiem of Cardinal Franzelin last month. As the Gesù, it is a favorite church for confessions, which are heard all day. These two churches are really under the control of Ours as formerly, though a secular ecclesiastic appears before the world as administrator and director in order to avoid disagreeable complications. There are many other good works under the direction of Ours—sodalities of every description —which merit something more than a mere mention, and therefore, it will be better to leave them for a future letter than to bring them in at the tail of this one.

If I might suggest an *erratum corrige* to your last interesting number of the LETTERS, it would be that our address is not 102, but 120 Via del Seminario. You had all the numbers but the disposition of them was faulty. Probably it does not make much difference as the Via del Seminario

is so short and narrow, that whatever strays into it must bump up against its rightful owner somewhere.

Yours in Christ,

J. A. C., S. J.

THE LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH OF CARDINAL FRANZELIN.

At the very beginning of the year, Cardinal Franzelin became so weak, that those about him could see the end was not far off. They also saw how useless it was to attempt forcing a man to take care of his health who never took a walk even in the garden, who only crossed the corridor to go to the chapel, and whom nothing in the world could induce to dispense himself from a single fast or abstinence. He said to Fr. Steinhuber, who begged him to take more care of his health: "I had never expected to live to be seventy, now I am beyond it and I can afford to be careless." When he had to go up the stairs of the Vatican, he pressed both hands to his sides, and stopped at every second step to recover his breath: one day he fainted, and it was a miracle that he got back to the house alive. The Holy Father hearing of it, sent Cardinal Jacobini, Secretary of State, to convey to him a formal prohibition against attending the meetings of the Congregations, and to tell him, he should be satisfied with sending his advice in writing.

This enforced rest lasted only a few weeks, for the Cardinal requested an audience and begged His Holiness to allow him to resume his labors. — "Most Holy Father," he said, "if you take the Congregations from me, you take my life from me." The Pope consented the more willingly as Cardinal Franzelin was the very soul of the Congregations. Every one yielded to his opinion, and more than one Cardinal has admitted that Cardinal Franzelin, by speaking last, oftentimes caused them to change their most firm and fixed resolutions. He applied himself again to his work and the Holy Father gave orders to have an elevator erected at the Propaganda to save Cardinals Franzelin and Bartolini the fatigue of walking up stairs. At the last meeting of the Propaganda before his death, he was scarcely able to speak, so much so, that he told his companion that thenceforward he would leave the speaking to Cardinal Mazzella.

Thursday, the 9th of December, he went to the Congregation of the Holy Office: one of the Cardinals proposed

a very complicated case of conscience to him; he solved it at once with that clearness and solidity which always distinguished him. His interlocutor, perceiving he spoke with great difficulty, entreated him to take more care of his health and to spare himself. Cardinal Franzelin answered him: "The last time the doctor visited me, he said there was no hope for me. I believe him, and therefore, I am no longer obliged to spare myself, as they have sometimes told me to do. I shall continue then to fulfil all the duties of my office, so long as God will be pleased to permit me." He had said on setting out from San Andrea: "This time I will take the elevator at the Vatican, which will carry me up to the hall of the Congregations; but on my return I do not know how I shall be able to reach the second story." — "I will take care of that, your Eminence," the Brother Infirmarian answered him. In fact, on his return, he found two men with an arm-chair awaiting him at the foot of the stairs; he sank into it exhausted. He spent that evening in studying official documents. On Friday morning at 4 o'clock he tried to get up, but was obliged to lie down again. "If I had not lain down immediately," he said to his confessor, Father Costa, "I felt I should have fainted," and he added with a naivete one can scarcely imagine: "I cannot understand how my strength should leave me all at once."

At first it was hoped a little rest and sleep would restore him to the state he was in a few days before. The infirmarian offered him some broth, but as it was Friday, the Cardinal refused it absolutely, and took only a little rice and some boiled fish. A little later the doctor ordered broth for him: before submitting to take it, the invalid wished to know if the doctor knew well the importance of the laws of the Church, and if he were not too easy in his permissions. "He is not," he continued, "so sincere as another physician, who a few days ago declared my sickness incurable; he on the contrary gives me hope."—Fr. Costa replied: "Your Eminence, the doctor has been sincere with you, and he has told us to give you the holy Viaticum without delay." The Cardinal was satisfied and agreed to eat meat on the authority of the doctor who spoke so clearly of his death. The last phase of the sickness, which had for a long time threatened him, was bronchial paralysis. He wished to say the Breviary still, and from the movement of his lips as well as from some few words now and then, those about him perceived he was reciting the Little Hours from memory. His confessor had much difficulty in persuading him he was not obliged to the office.

Meanwhile the Holy Father having learned by telephone

the state of the Cardinal, sent one of his domestic prelates, Mgr. Marini, to encourage him and to convey his blessing to him. The invalid said to him: "I thank the Holy Father for his goodness towards me, and cast myself at his feet. You will remind him that I am Prefect of the Congregation of Indulgences, and that consequently he should give some one else the faculties necessary to carry on the affairs to which I am no longer able to attend. Tell him also I have many secret papers belonging to the different Congregations, which I am not able to put in order. If I might give my opinion to the Holy Father, I should suggest to him, to authorize some one to examine these papers and put them in their proper places. In passing the house of the Cardinal Secretary of State, beg him to dispense me from the session to-morrow. I again cast myself at the feet of His Holiness." The better to assure Cardinal Franzelin that his commissions would be faithfully executed, Mgr. Marini repeated them to him word for word.

Then, freed from the responsibility of his different offices, the Cardinal gave himself up altogether to prayer and ejaculations till the moment when the Viaticum was brought to him. When he saw the priest bearing the Blessed Sacrament, enter his room, he raised himself in bed, and said, "*O bone Jesu, O bone Jesu.*" Then he recited, not without effort, the Credo and the Confiteor in a loud voice. After the priest withdrew he began the Psalm Miserere. He did not sleep during the night, and spent the time making ejaculations, the chief of which were: "*Credo, do assensum plenum et perfectum—spero in te—Jesu, amo te, Jesu, amo te super omnia, Jesu, Maria— Deus propitius esto mihi peccatori* — and the following, in which the Professor of Theology showed itself: "*Sine me nihil potestis facere—gratia tua omnia possum—tu me elegisti;*" the whole interwoven with acts of love. The fervor of these aspirations, the ardor of look and gesture which accompanied them, were simply indescribable He was out of breath owing to his efforts, so much the more as he suffered from palpitation of the heart and bronchial paralysis. In spite of that he did not allow himself a moment to breathe, and I have seen him with a bowl of soup in his hands, and after each spoonful he repeated: "*Jesu, amo te super omnia.*"

Fr. Costa spoke to him of Extreme Unction, but he showed a desire of waiting till next morning for it. During the course of the night he asked for his rosary to recite it. Early on Saturday the 11th, the Cardinal asked to receive Communion again, although he could not receive it as Viaticum. As soon as they told him that twenty-four

hours had not passed since his last Communion, he said: "Very well, let them ask permission for it from the Holy Father." They then reminded him of the doctrine of Benedict XIV, on the Communion of the sick, and that satisfied his devotion.

In spite of the state of the patient, no one thought the end was so near, and they still refrained from telling Fr. General, whose affection and veneration for the Cardinal was unbounded. About 6 o'clock in the morning I received a note for Fr. General, telling him about the Cardinal's sickness. Although our Father was not very well, he wished to go at once to the sick man. With great difficulty he reached the second story. When he reached the bedside he took his hand to kiss it, but the Cardinal withdrew it and said to him: "Father General, I am very low, I can scarcely speak; dear Father, I ask pardon for all my faults; forgive me all the scandals of my religious life;" and immediately without waiting for an answer, he said: "*Deus propitius esto mihi peccatori*," repeating the words three times with increasing energy. Fr. General was so much moved, he could only say: "*Deus tibi propitius erit et benignus.*" These words turned the thoughts of the sick man in another direction and he began repeating: "*Jesu, amo te, Jesu, amo te super omnia.*" It was most touching to see the holy Cardinal stretch out his arms and lift them towards heaven, and to hear the sighs of inflamed love he uttered. It would be no exaggeration to say he never closed his lips; acts of faith, love and contrition followed each other rapidly. Sometimes we failed to catch the sound of his voice, but we could perceive by the movement of his lips that he still strove to articulate.

While Fr. General was with him, Cardinal Mazzella arrived, and Cardinal Franzelin noticing he was present, said to him: "How do you do? Commend me to the Sacred Heart of Jesus," and at once resumed his scarcely interrupted ejaculations. Cardinal Mazzella determined to stay with him to the last, and sent away his carriage. Fr. General feeling very much fatigued, withdrew with the hope of finding the Cardinal alive on his return in the evening. He was not, however, to have that consolation.

The Holy Father sent another of his domestic prelates Mgr. Bisleti, with a second blessing; and shortly after Cardinal Monaco Lavallette, Grand Penitentiary, arrived, and sitting down near the bed, began to weep. Father Costa asked him to give the dying Cardinal the Apostolic Benediction the Pope had just sent him. At first he refused, then he consented, but he wept so much he could only make the sign of the cross over him in silence. He then left.

Afterwards he said to Fr. Steinhuber, Theologian of the Penitentiary: "I don't know how it was, that day and the day after I could do nothing but weep. I have known the holy Cardinal Franzelin for forty years, and I have never perceived a single defect in him."

His sickness grew worse so rapidly that the news of his sickness and death became publicly known at the same time; hence he had so few visits from his brother Cardinals. At 11 o'clock he received Extreme Unction, and the Indulgence in *articulo mortis:* it seemed to those around him he had then only about an hour to live. Cardinal Mazzella placed the crucifix in his hands and suggested to him thoughts of confidence and love. He kissed the crucifix, ceased to speak, and after ten minutes of quiet agony, he gave up his soul to God. It was twenty-two minutes past 1 o'clock when he died.

After death his countenance gradually assumed an air of serenity and joy, which continued to increase till Monday, when the body was placed in the coffin. On Sunday the body clothed in a black sottano, with rochet, cape and scarlet biretta was exposed in the ante-chamber with four lighted candles. Cardinal Franzelin had left it in his will that his funeral should be simple and unostentatious as became a religious. The Pope, however, ordered that they should pay him the honor due to his rank; and the Master of Ceremonies of the Palace came immediately to San Andrea to regulate all the details of the funeral. The expenses of a Cardinal's funeral amount to six or seven thousand francs.

At 6 o'clock on Monday morning the office for the dead was recited in the chapel of the American College, in the presence of the body, by the students and by deputations from the scholasticate and the German College, and some Fathers, according to the custom of the Society. Father Provincial gave the absolution. About noon the body was carried to the parish church of St. Bernard, where the solemn office was to be celebrated next day. The parish priest received the body on its arrival, and gave a second absolution. The coffin being then replaced in the hearse was carried to the public cemetery. I do not know what misunderstanding deprived our scholastics of the consolation of accompanying the Cardinal to his last resting-place in the vault of the Society. The solemn Requiem Mass was not celebrated in St. Bernard's church till Wednesday. The arms of the Cardinal were placed on the corners of the catafalque and a hundred wax lights burned around it. The seats prepared for the students of the different Colleges were found insufficient. A special place was reserved for Father

General. Matins and Lauds were sung by the American students. Mgr. Meurin, S. J., Ex-Vicar Apostolic of Bombay, was chosen to sing the Mass. Cardinal Sacconi, Dean of the Sacred College gave the absolution. The musical portions of the service were rendered by the singers of the Sixtine Chapel.

Sixteen Cardinals assisted behind the altar, for they are not allowed to appear in church in the midst of the people. This was the largest number seen at the obsequies of a Cardinal since 1870. Many others wrote to Fr. General excusing their absence. Cardinal Mazzella said to Father General on leaving the church: "Last Sunday I said Mass for Cardinal Franzelin, but I am sure it was useless to him, for he was already in heaven." There was another service a few days later in the church of the Roman College, at the instance of the Gregorian University. Mgr. Robert Pozo, S. J., Bishop of Guayaquil, sang the Mass and Cardinal Mazzella, assisted by representatives of all the seminaries in Rome that attend our College, gave the absolution.

The Holy Father desired to hear all the details of Cardinal Franzelin's death from Cardinal Mazzella, and when he had heard them, said: "I knew nothing of Cardinal Franzelin till I became Pope; since that time I have learned to appreciate his talents, his devotion to the Church and his great virtues. He opened his soul to me with the simplicity of a child; quite lately he proposed his difficulties of conscience to me. I told him not to be troubled, and he answered me: 'Holy Father, I place my soul in your hands, it is for you to save it.'" The Holy Father added, that he had an important secret concerning Cardinal Franzelin, which he kept in his heart for the time being. It may be well to know that for many years God exposed Cardinal Franzelin to the painful and humiliating trial of scruples. He was seen often during the day at his confessor's door, weeping and groaning. And this was strange in him, eminent theologian as he was, and so mild in the solutions he gave to others. His confessor has declared that during the time he heard his confessions, and that was since he became Cardinal, he had never found matter for absolution.

Fr. Bonavenia is gathering materials to write his life; the Society and the Sacred College are eagerly expecting it.

C. LAVIGNE, S J.

OBITUARY.

Brother John King.

Br. King was born in the Co. Louth, Ireland, on June 1st, 1822. He came to this country when already advanced in years and supported himself by his labor at Cincinnati, until he entered the Society at St. Louis, April 6th, 1846. Very little is known about the first years of his religious life. One thing, however, must be remarked, that, although in consequence of his particularly sensitive nature he must have suffered much, yet he never spoke otherwise than with affection and gratitude of all the Fathers and Brothers with whom he had lived.

In 1869, his health being somewhat affected, he was sent to the South, and has ever since lived at Grand Coteau where he had charge of the wardrobe. It is incredible what an amount of work the good Brother could do in spite of his advanced age, by wisely husbanding his time. He never seemed to be in a hurry, and yet everything was done at the proper moment. Moreover, he had so systematized his work in all its details, that the routine itself of the week reminded him of what was to be done. As he grew older Superiors would willingly have relieved him, had not the presence of an assistant proved rather a hinderance than a help, and so the old man, with his good natured face and silvery locks, continued his work unaided, almost to the end.

When he fell sick in the beginning of July last he showed a great repugnance to doctors and medicines, thus causing no small uneasiness to those who had care of him. Afterwards, however, in obedience to Superiors, he yielded himself for treatment with the simplicity of a child. His illness was neither long nor painful, and on Saturday, July 10th, having received the Holy Sacraments, he quietly breathed his last.

His funeral was attended by the students of the College and a great number of the people of Grand Coteau, who had learned to appreciate the quiet and assuming Brother who had for many years moved among them a silent image of Blessed Alphonsus.—R.I.P.

Father John A. Bauhaus.

Father Bauhaus was born in the town of Barlo, Westphalia, on April the 20th, 1840, and entered the Society in Missouri, at the age of twenty. As his health had always been delicate, he was promoted to the priesthood as early as the year 1868. After his tertianship, which he made the year following his ordination, he was appointed to missionary work in central Missouri where he labored with untiring zeal until he was transferred to Florissant to take charge of the German congregation. At this latter post he remained until the time of his death. He was stationed for several years at Washington, Mo., during which time he built the beautiful Church of St. Joseph. The last years of his life were spent at Florissant where he finished the Church of the Sacred Heart with its graceful steeple, and fine interior decorations.

His life was certainly very precious in the sight of God, but his humility taught him how to hide himself from the eyes of men. He had the art of doing a great deal in a quiet way, and seldom spoke about himself or his work, — giving as much praise as possible to others for success which, in reality, was the result of his own zeal and prudence. "Father Bauhaus," writes one who knew him well, "was a very holy religious; he was a model member of the Society in every situation in which he was placed. But when we have said that, we have said all." It is a short but significant panegyric. "What impressed me most in his conduct during the five or six years which I spent in his company," says the Father quoted, "were his scrupulous fidelity in the performance of his duties, spiritual or otherwise; his unwavering firmness under the assaults of human respect; and his admirable patience during a long protracted continuance of petty annoyances. His conversation, when left to take its own course, invariably led to some religious or spiritual topic. But he was altogether too gentle and charitable to press such subjects on unwilling ears, and could make himself all to all, without any apparent effort. I remember, too, that he used to edify us by his habit of referring everything, fortunate or unfortunate, in some way to Almighty God. To him divine Providence was a very vivid and ever present reality." The prominent feature in the character of Father Bauhaus, was his almost child-like simplicity and truthfulness. By it he won completely the good-will and affection of his parishioners, young and old, who always found themselves at home in his presence. If any improvement was to be made in the parish, the good Father had such an engaging way of calling upon the generosity of his flock, that he ever found ready hands to assist him in carrying out his plans.

Father Bauhaus carried almost to excess his total forgetfulness of self. Perhaps the fatal issue of his last illness, might,

to some extent, be traced to this great unconcern for his own personal convenience. He saw nothing alarming in the attack of fever by which he was prostrated, till it was too late.

He died on July the 15th, aged forty-six years, after a week of intense suffering, borne with his usual patience and cheerful resignation to the will of God.

Father Bauhaus was the author of a well known work in German on the devotion to the Sacred Heart.—R.I.P.

Father Mengarini.

On the 23rd of last September, Fr. Mengarini, a Roman by birth, the sole survivor of the three founders of the Rocky Mountain missions, went to claim at the hands of his Master the reward due the toils and sufferings of long and eventful years. He was born on the feast of St. Ignatius, in 1811, and on Oct. 22nd, 1828, he enrolled himself among the Saint's followers in the Society of Jesus. By 1839, he had already finished his preparatory studies and teaching, and was in his second year of Theology when a letter from Bishop Rosati, of St. Louis, was read in the refectory of the Roman College. The letter was directed to Rev. Fr. General Roothaan and contained a fervent appeal for missionaries, and what appeal could be other than fervent when it was but the echo of that which had been made to himself from the bed of death? An embassy from the Flatheads of far-off Idaho, the third which had gone forth from the wigwams of the tribe but the only one to reach its destination, had come to St. Louis asking for Blackgowns; and then worn out by the hardships of the way, all except the brave Ignace sickened and died; their dying prayer a prayer for Blackrobes for their tribe. The appeal of Bishop Rosati found a ready response in the heart of Father Mengarini. He offered himself to Fr. General and was accepted. Then applying himself with redoubled zeal to his books he hastened his last examination in theology, and after having been subjected to various trials in order to test the sincerity of his vocation, he was allowed, in company with Fr. Cotting, to leave Rome and take ship at Leghorn for Philadelphia. Six weary weeks dragged by before they again set foot on land. A storm drove the ship from its course. Provisions grew scant; and but for the timely assistance afforded by passing vessels, our missionaries and their fellow passengers must have perished. In fact, in spite of the aid received, the daily allowance of food, long before they reached Philadelphia, consisted of a few inches of dried sausage. From Philadelphia, Fr. Mengarini and his companion started by rail for Georgetown, but arriving in Baltimore late at night they had to go to a hotel. Next morning they wished to resume their journey, and in very polite French asked the necessary

directions of their host. To their dismay they found a human being who did not know French. In vain they addressed him in six languages; in vain he besought them to speak intelligibly. All they could do under the circumstances was to raise their hearts in a confiding trust to Him whose Providence watches over all. After a good deal of search on the part of the servants, a policeman who could speak French was found; and without further mishap our Fathers reached Georgetown. The warm-hearted reception which they met with was never forgotten by Fr. Mengarini; and when a few months before his death he dictated a brief memoir of his Flathead mission, he dwelt with grateful remembrance on the charity of Georgetown. Our missionaries rested and refreshed soon pushed on towards St. Louis but they had now nothing to fear on the score of English, for Fr. Larkin and a scholastic accompanied them and acted as guides and interpreters on the way. They arrived safely in St. Louis but new dangers arose where none were expected. One of the two must remain in St. Louis, Fr. De Smet might take which he pleased, but only one. Fr. Mengarini was younger; Fr. Cotting, stronger. Fr. De Smet hesitated. The beautiful voice of Fr. Mengarini turned the scale in his favor, and he was chosen for the missions of the North-West. About the beginning of April 1840, Frs. De Smet, Point and Mengarini, accompanied by three lay-Brothers, set out on their long and perilous journey. They had with them a certain Capt. Fitzpatrick as guide; an Indian hunter to provide them with game, and half a dozen Canadians to take charge of their little caravan. Thus they travelled on, day after day and week after week; often in want of food and oftener in want of water; across plains that seemed as measureless and trackless as the sky above them; and when at night, overpowered by the heat and fatigues of the day, they sank to rest, it was with the consciousness that the weary leagues behind were few in comparison with those that still stretched before. Unmolested they traversed the country of the Sioux and other tribes, for though weak in material forces they were strong in His protecting arm in whose name and for whose sake they had exposed themselves to peril; so that when September was setting in they safely reached Fort Union. Travel-worn and exhausted as they were, it was a consolation for them to find at the Fort a deputation from the Flatheads. They rested for some days, and then entering on the last stage of their journey they passed through the country of the hostile Banax, passed Hell Gate and still pushing on, they founded their first mission on St. Mary's River, twenty miles from Hell Gate.

Fr. De Smet was soon off on his missionary expeditions and Fr. Mengarini was left in charge of the Flathead mission with Fr. Point to assist him. A large wigwam served them as chapel, and here by means of an interpreter they instructed

the Indians and prepared them for Baptism. Early in 1841, the foundations of the first house and church were laid, and in a short time the buildings were, by the industry of the Indians, completed. Fr. Mengarini, meanwhile, was applying himself to Flathead and in time succeeded so perfectly in mastering the language that when some of the Indians were asked how he spoke it, they could only answer: "Just like ourselves." The Flathead grammar which has appeared under his name should not be taken as a criterion of his knowledge. To the day of his death he would never acknowledge the grammar as his. "It is full of blunders," he would say, "and is printed from an incorrect copy. It is not mine." The Flathead grammar was the fruit of long and patient labor; but apart from the intrinsic difficulty of the work, other difficulties attended it. The first correct copy was lost by the Indians who were taking it to the Superior of the missions. Another copy was made and this also by some mishap perished. It was only when the missionary had made a new copy that his labor was ended. The language employed in its composition was Latin, for as this was a common tongue understood by all missionaries and the grammar was intended solely for them, Fr. Mengarini rightly judged that it would be most useful in Latin. In 1842, he was alone at St. Mary's. The mission flourished. The Indians were happy. They were well instructed in the faith, sang in common the hymns composed for them by their beloved Father, and listened in wonder and admiration to the Indian band which he had trained and which with accordeons and drum, etc., dispensed sweet music upon great feast days. In 1844, the foundations of a new house and church were laid somewhat farther removed from the river, but the superstructure of these was never fully completed. In 1845, a flour mill and a saw mill were erected. The enemy of all good was, however, already hard at work striving to destroy the mission. There was among the Flatheads a man named Little Faro. He was smart, ambitious and bent on becoming a chief. Failing in his endeavors to use the missionary as a stepping-stone towards furthering him in his ambition, he began to spread dissatisfaction among the tribe. Certain interested whites began secretly to do the same. They were desirous of obtaining the Indians' land, and knew that success would never attend their efforts so long as the mission existed. Thus matters proceeded until 1849. Indications of the approaching crisis were not wanting, but the crisis was nearer than expected. The Indians went on their usual hunt while Victor, the grand chief, remained at home. Perhaps even had he accompanied them, things would have been no better ; for he was a man of weak character and nicknamed *Tas misten* (*What can I do*) from the constant repetition of these words whenever he was called upon to exercise his authority. Far away from the sacred

influence of the mission, the Flatheads forgot in an evil hour their baptismal promises and abandoned themselves to the unrestrained indulgence of their passions. Their eyes were soon opened to the shame of their condition. When the hunt was over they returned to the mission but were afraid to meet their Father. They knew that he had been informed of their misdeeds, and though he showed himself all kindness and charity, the goadings of a defiled conscience urged them to quit a place where everything reminded them of their obligations to lead a pure life. The morning after their return found them again in the saddle and after a ride of ten miles they camped. Fr. Mengarini tried to get Victor to do his duty and bring the erring back. "Tas misten?" was the only answer. The Father himself then went to the camp of the runaways but none of them came out to meet him. Knowing the Indian character thoroughly and that the only remedy for the evil was to wait until conscience would do its work, he turned his face towards St. Mary's. It was about time for the yearly consultation at the Cœur d'Alenes, and in order to fulfil his duty and seek advice in his difficulties, Fr. Mengarini was soon on his way to the Cœur d'Alenes. His plan for the solution of the problem was that which had already proved so successful in the case of the Cœur d'Alenes themselves; namely, the abandoning of the mission for a time until the Indians had repented of their faults and begged the return of the missionaries. How well he had judged the case, was proved by the event. Another course, however, was adopted. St. Mary's was destroyed. When Father Mengarini understood what was about to be done, the shock was too great for his system weakened by toil and sorrow, and he fainted. When he came to himself he begged the acting Superior of the missions to send him to some place where he might not be a witness of the affliction of his Flatheads, and he received a letter for Fr. Accolti, in Oregon. Fr. Accolti, the real Superior of the mission received him with every mark of kindness and was greatly displeased at what had been done. Rev. Fr. General on hearing of the destruction of St. Mary's wrote: "Now that the Flathead mission is destroyed, I greatly fear for the others." The work, however, had been done, the place sold, all the effects of the mission removed and lost in the crossing of a river; what was so easily done could not as easily be undone. Fr. Mengarini remained in Oregon about a year and was then sent by his Superiors to help in founding the Californian mission. Archbishop Alemany of San Francisco had invited our Fathers to his diocese, and Fr. Mengarini was destined for Santa Clara. The grand College of the present was then a thing of the undreamt future; and the primitive life of the wigwam and log-house was twin-sister to that which he was called upon to lead in the adobe walls of his new dwelling. Patiently he toiled, but his heart

was with his Flatheads. They had, as he had foreseen, repented of their faults and had sent Victor to Oregon to bring him back. He was already far away. Victor wished to go even to California, but was told that his journey would be useless ; Fr. Mengarini could not be spared by the Californian Mission. For about thirty years our Father was treasurer of Santa Clara College, until a stroke of apoplexy and failing eye-sight necessitated his removal from office. A few years of patient suffering yet remained before the reward would come. His eyes became so bad that he could not read his office, and about a year before his death he had to cease saying Mass. Inability to offer the Divine Victim was his sorest trial, but he bore it patiently. As if to recompense his resignation his eyes improved a little, so that a few months before his death he offered the Sacrifice for the last time. On the 23rd of last September he was around as usual and was visited by the Brother during the noon examen. Half an hour later he was found dying. A third stroke of apoplexy had done its fatal work and while receiving Extreme Unction, Fr. Mengarini expired.—R.I.P.

Father J. B. Serra.

The village of Castel del Sol, near the ancient city of Vich, in Catalonia, points with honest pride, as to one of its dearest ornaments, to a beautiful chapel of seven altars. It was erected and endowed from the common patrimony of three pious brothers of the neighboring gentry who were bidding adieu to the world, two of them to enter the Order of Capuchins and the third to be enrolled under the standard of St. Ignatius of Loyola. The chaplain, whose support is provided from the same estate, has the obligation of there offering perpetual Masses for the repose of the souls of the generous founders. On October the 23rd, at Spring Hill College, the third and last of the noble band, Rev. J. B. Serra, S. J., fortified by all the consolations of his deeply cherished faith, and surrounded by his affectionate brethren in religion, was, we have reason to believe, transferred from the militant to the triumphant Society of Jesus, after a short sickness, contracted by exposure in the service of the souls of the poor on the eastern shore of Mobile Bay. The advanced age of seventy-seven years found this apostle priest fearlessly moving amid hardships, which robust youth cannot long endure, but which constituted his happiness for thirty years. And his death was similar to that of the Christian soldiers of his warlike race.

Father Serra's ecclesiastical studies were made at the diocesan seminary of his own native city, which institution was

likewise the Alma Mater of his illustrious contemporary and fellow-townsman, Rev. James Balmez, one of the most talented and distinguished Spanish priests of our century. His theological course completed, ordination to the priesthood was prohibited by the government of the hour, and he was even forced to a precipitate exile on foot over the Pyrenees, together with three other candidates for sacred orders. But Rome was found more propitious. The Cardinal Vicar himself gladly ordains the fervent sons of the Catholic Kingdom. Pope Gregory XVI, confers on them extraordinary spiritual privileges, destined to be diffused for the consolation of the faithful in the distant wilderness of Alabama, nearly forty years after his own death. Father Serra enjoyed the long remembered happiness of offering his first Mass in the crypt of St. Peter's, on the sacred tomb of the Holy Apostles. After his ordination, Fr. Serra served for a time as chaplain in the army of Don Carlos. He was emphatically a Catalan, and he would have cheerfully surrendered his life, whilst giving spiritual assistance to those who fought for their king and the *fueros* or traditional rights of Catalonia. We need not say that after the collapse of the insurrection, the patriotic Padre, in company with Gen. Cabrera and other distinguished men, had to beat a hasty retreat across the Pyrenees. Having labored as an exemplary secular priest in the diocese of Avignon, Father Serra there, in the year 1852, entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus. Two years later, if we mistake not, found him professor of Spanish and prefect of discipline at Spring Hill College. For the thirty following years with the exception of a short absence on the prairies of Louisiana, near Grand Coteau, whence he was recalled at the urgent request of the late Bishop Quinlan, he was devoted mainly to the services of the rural stations in the vicinity of Mobile. His familiarity with the Spanish, French and Italian languages has been of eminent utility. His knowledge of English was imperfect, yet his great earnestness of soul frequently affected those, who were unable to understand his words.

Zeal for the faith and morality of his people was the ruling principle of his laborious life. Never was the potency of holiness and prayer better illustrated. He preached long sermons, which very few claimed to understand, and yet they moved and changed their hearts. Among his converts he counted United States officers, who certainly were not convinced by mere human eloquence. People thought he had the gift of miracles. A friend of his crossing the Bay of Mobile from Montlouis island to Shell banks, a distance of about sixteen miles, felt somewhat alarmed by the aspect of the sky. Sudden squalls are by no means uncommon in that apparently land-locked bay. Three boys manned the little open skiff. They declared that they feared nothing as long

as they carried a priest. A short time before, they had conveyed Fr. Serra to the very same spot, and although they had experienced a severe storm, and it had rained in torrents, they had found on reaching the shore that the clothing of the good Father had remained perfectly dry. At his advanced age he still entertained vast practical schemes of erecting on the islands of the Bay and in the depths of the forests edifices, like the beautiful school-house at Chastang's Bluff, and the neat churches at the same place and at the mouth of Fish River and at Bayou la Batre, which are all monuments of Father Serra's energy and poverty, inspired by priestly zeal.

Coarse and scanty fare, defective shelter or none at all, long, rough roads, uncomfortable and unsafe conveyance by land and water, the tropical sun, winter's wind and rain, weaknesses of old age, indispositions of health, love of religious home, disregard from some for whom he spent himself — nothing was considered by this ever light-hearted old man, when called to console and aid the sick or dying, or to instruct and baptize the children or the ignorant. And the thorough understanding of the rudiments of Christian doctrine displayed by the backwoods pupils, whom he prepared for first communion, has frequently astonished the highly educated. All creeds recognized in that venerable, stooping Spanish form, the good shepherd, who gave his life to his sheep, and whose angelic joy was to wander through our desert wilderness in search of one to reclaim.

Father Serra's end was all that his many friends could have expected or desired. His placid, smiling death was the merited repose of the faithful, weather-beaten, veteran soldier of St. Ignatius.—R.I.P.

Father Anthony Jourdan.

Father Anthony Jourdan died at the College of the Immaculate Conception, New Orleans, during the night of November the 4th, a few minutes after eleven. His death was the immediate result of a fall. Owing to his almost complete blindness and great weakness, as he was descending the stairs he slipped and fell, breaking his thigh in his fall. He was in his 77th year. In him passed away a distinguished member of the mission of New Orleans. His absence is felt by those who spent so many years with him in the hard labors of the mission. We miss, too, the bright smile and kind word he ever had for us all, but especially for the younger members of the community. Of his early life we know but little. Born of a pious Lyonese family, he was early taught that the end of every man on earth must be the sanctification of his own soul and the greater glory of the God who made him. When he came to the age of manhood, Father Jourdan

embraced the profession of arms. Like a true Frenchman, he had caught the chivalric spirit of his nation, and determined to seek distinction and honor on the battle-fields of his country. When France, in 1832, sent troops to Belgium to help her win her independence from Holland, we find him in the ranks of the French army. He was present at the siege of Anvers. It was about this time he felt himself called to serve God in a more perfect state of life. Returning to Lyons, he again applied himself to his classical studies, for which, when a boy, he had shown wonderful aptitude. For some years he was President of a Lyceum at Lyons. Resigning this post of honor, he entered the Society. Having completed his philosophical and theological studies at the celebrated scholasticates of Vals and Aix, he asked for the foreign missions. Towards the close of 1847, he landed at Mobile, on his way to Spring Hill. On the 6th of February, 1848, some six months after his arrival, he was clothed with the holy character of the priesthood. Five weeks after his ordination, the young priest was called to Grand Coteau to help in the work of the ministry. Displaying great abilities for government he was made Rector of St. Charles' College, Grand Coteau, in the fall of 1848. This was but the stepping-stone to a higher and less enviable position. Four years later he was named Superior of the mission of New Orleans. The people of New Orleans will never forget the year 1853. In that year the hand of God was heavy upon them. He breathed upon them the breath of pestilence, and hundreds fell victims to the plague. Imitating his Master, Father Jourdan despised the warnings of his friends, went forth to the homes of the plague-stricken and prepared them for their journey into eternity. Overtaxing his powers, he was himself stricken in turn by the disease. Recalled to France by his Superiors, he presided over the College of Mongré from 1854 to 1857. This duty accomplished, at his own request he was again sent to America, and resided for some years at Spring Hill College, Ala., as its Rector. In 1862, he was made Superior of the Southern Mission for a second time.

The last twenty-seven years of his life were spent in New Orleans. This was his chosen spot in the vineyard of his Lord. With him there was no acceptation of persons; in the poor as well as in the rich he saw the image of God, and all his acts tended to make that image more perfect and true. This made him very popular with the inhabitants of New Orleans, and hundreds flocked to his confessional to pour into his ear their tales of crimes and sufferings, and receive from him the words of reconciliation which made them once more the children of God and heirs of His Kingdom. Great, also, was his love for the poor. It was suggestive of holy thoughts to see the bent form of the aged and almost blind priest on his mission of love to the poor of Jesus Christ. With the as-

sistance of some pious ladies he founded the Society of "Dames servantes des pauvres," which is, at present, in a flourishing condition.

But let us lift the veil and look into the hidden recesses of this chosen soul. Wonderful and unthought of graces received, and a correspondence to them such as only the saints give to the surpassing gifts and inspirations of the Holy Ghost! The source of these astounding liberalities of the Holy Spirit was his love and devotion towards the Sacred Heart. These were the springs of his actions. Such is the testimony of one of his earliest companions in the Mission. Those who witnessed his extraordinary fervor and recollection when preparing for his ordination fully understood and acknowledged the greatness of the sacrifice required from him in the last few months of his life. This was to abstain from the celebration of the Holy Mysteries of the Mass. On the 10th of October, he celebrated his last Mass, and so great was his weakness on this occasion that he was an hour in completing the Holy Sacrifice. It was evident to the Fathers who assisted him that a second attempt was altogether beyond his strength. To give him greater merit in this trial sent him by God, his Superior commanded him in virtue of holy obedience to abstain from celebrating. His strong faith recognized in the will of his Superior the will of God, and he strove to satisfy his longing for the Sacrament of the altar by daily Communion. Truly had he laid by a store of virtue against the day of trial! Such was this true servant of the Lord, who, we have every reason to believe, now enjoys in the possession of the Beatific Vision, the reward of his works in the service of the God he loved and served.—R.I.P.

Father Florian Sautois.

Father Florian Sautois was born in Belgium, on October the 30th, 1807. He completed his collegiate course in France, and studied his theology at the Seminary of Mechlin, Belgium, where he was ordained priest in 1834. He was made curate at Braine l'Allerix, near the scene where was fought the famous battle of Waterloo, June 18th, 1815. He entered the Society as a novice in Belgium, on Sept. 29th, 1838, and in 1839 he came to the United States accompanied by Frs. Francis Hortsman, J. B. De Blieck, Adrian Van Hulst, John Roes, Adrian Hoecken, and Louis Du Mortier; and they were all received at St. Stanislaus Novitiate, Missouri, on Dec. 2nd, 1839, Father De Vos then being Novice-Master. Fr. Sautois was employed in visiting surrounding stations among the Creoles, and in St. Louis till the year 1841, when he was sent to St. Charles' College, Grand Coteau, Louisiana. Here he was employed as procurator for some years, and was subsequent-

ly engaged as assistant pastor of St. Charles' Church. In 1848, the vice-province of Missouri gave up the college at Grand Coteau to the province of Lyons and recalled its members. Fr. Sautois went to St. Louis where he had charge of the St. Xavier parish school for boys till the autumn of 1849, when he was sent to St. Xavier College, Cincinnati. Here he filled the office of procurator and also performed other duties till the summer of 1853, at which time he was appointed pastor of St. Ferdinand's Church, Florissant, Missouri. He remained at Florissant till 1857; he was then made assistant pastor of St. Xavier Church, St. Louis, and also had charge of the young ladies' sodality. He retained this position till the summer of 1873, when he was appointed assistant pastor of the Holy Family Church, Chicago, becoming director at the same time, of the married ladies' sodality. In 1874, he was assigned the same offices at the Sacred Heart Church, Chicago; here he remained till his death on Nov. the 11th, at 11.25 P. M. 1886, having just completed the 77th year of his age.

The foregoing is a bare outline of some principal events in the long life of Fr. Sautois. His zeal for souls was truly apostolic in its character, as shown by his love for the poor and his untiring labors amongst them: "The poor you have always with you;" also by his charity for erring sinners, converting the most hardened ones from practical infidelity to a correct Christian life; as an instance, his charity on one occasion subdued an obdurate murderer in so remarkable a manner, as to gain the commendation even of the public press. Father Sautois was peculiarly successful in the difficult work of directing and governing sodalities; his management of them was seldom surpassed as to the numbers he could enlist, and as to the perfect regularity and harmony he could maintain among the members. He was strict in correcting any negligence, or infraction of rule, and uniformly manifested much interest in each sodalist.

Father Sautois was neither a great scholar nor an eloquent preacher; but he was a laborious, patient, humble, and charitable religious whose undertakings for the good of souls always prospered. He saw all things only as they related to faith or to the supernatural order. He was devoted to his confessional, and his overwork in the confessional was the proximate cause of the final illness that carried him off. He was buried, on the Feast of St. Stanislaus, at Calvary Cemetery, where repose the mortal remains of his brethren who preceded him to the grave from Chicago. Father Sautois had a special and tender devotion to the Sacred Heart and to the Blessed Virgin Mary, imbuing his penitents and the members of his sodality with his own pious spirit and fervent love for our Lord and His Blessed Mother. Those who grieved most at his death were the suffering and the poor; and they

were numerous in the retinue to Calvary Cemetery, on the day of his burial.—R.I.P.

Father Frederick W. Gockeln.

Father Frederick W. Gockeln died peacefully in our Lord on Nov. the 27th, 1886, at St. Joseph's Residence, Hope Street, Providence, R. I. He had just finished the sixty-sixth year of his life, and had spent nearly forty-six years in the Society. It was only in the summer of 1884 that he was appointed to the position of pastor of St. Joseph's Church, left vacant by the death of Fr. W. B. Cleary, and though during his rather brief term of office, he had been far from enjoying robust health, nevertheless the news of his death came so unexpectedly as to occasion his friends a most painful surprise. He had gone on a visit to Worcester, Mass., Wednesday, Nov. the 24th, and while returning in the evening had to walk some distance in the rain before finding a car to take him to his home. This exposure brought on an attack of typhoid-pneumonia, which finally resulted in death on the Thursday of the following week, at two o'clock in the afternoon.

Father Gockeln was born at Grossenader, in the diocese of Münster, Westphalia, on the 8th of November, 1820,. and at the age of thirteen years came with his elder brother to America. He engaged for a time in business in New York, but not finding in it the attraction that a life of study possessed for him, he left that city and entered the Sulpician College, Montreal. "He was again at home," as he was fond of saying, and the piety of the good people of Canada reminded him forcibly of the religious simplicity and lively faith of his own Catholic Münster. His studious, gentlemanly, and edifying deportment won for him the esteem and affection of the college faculty. One of the learned Sulpicians, Rev. John Larkin, in particular, took a deep interest in his advancement. An intimacy thus sprang up between the two, which was to last till death came to sever them. Five years had elapsed since Frederick's entrance into the College, when his venerable director informed him of his determination to apply for admission to the Society of Jesus. The news was a severe shock to young Gockeln, but the feeling of disappointment was only momentary, and with the approval of his spiritual guide he resolved upon following his example. He had just finished the class of philosophy, was very popular with his fellow-students, and was the leader of the college musical band. Without delay he and Father Larkin set out for the distant Jesuit mission of Kentucky. They might have joined the Society nearer home, but Father Larkin had his reasons for doing otherwise and his young friend

would not consent to a separation, that would have been exceedingly painful to both. And so by stages and canal-boats, and the other means of conveyance in vogue in those early days, they journeyed slowly along, until after weeks of weary travel, they at length reached St. Mary's College, Marion Co., Ky. The journey, tedious and painful though it undoubtedly was, was rendered far less irksome by the kind attentions they received from their friends along the route. In New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other places, they were treated with marked courtesy by Bishops and priests, and it required no little constancy on their part to reject the tempting offers that were made them to stay and enlist their services in the fields of labor, cultivated by their generous hosts.

After the usual probation, Mr. Gockeln was admitted to the noviceship on the 16th of February, 1841, some four months later than his companion, Fr. Larkin. He was received by Fr. William Murphy, Superior of St. Mary's College, and had for his Novice-master a certain Fr. Gilles. St. Stanislaus' Novitiate was situated near the College, and there Mr. Gockeln remained until the month of May of the year following. Fr. Larkin having been commissioned at that time to open a new college at Louisville, took his friend along with him, and for some time the two constituted the whole personnel of the newly established Loyola College. In 1844, however, three others were added to the staff, Father Du Merle, and two scholastic novices, John Ryan and Michael Nash. In 1844, Fr. Larkin wrote for the benefit of the orphans of Louisville a story entitled "Mantelli," which was published in the *Orphan's Casket*. Being anonymous it was attributed to Mr. Gockeln, who was severely criticised by Dr. Spalding, late Archbishop of Baltimore, and Dr. McGill, late Bishop of Richmond. The criticisms evoked some unpleasant feelings, and there were not wanting friends on either side, who took up and continued the controversy.

Loyola College was short-lived, and the community returned to St. Mary's, where Mr. Gockeln was assigned to teach one of the higher classes. Then, during the scholastic year 1845–1846, came the removal of the members of the Kentucky mission to Fordham, and Mr. Gockeln after studying Philosophy there for a year and a half or thereabouts, was sent in 1847 to finish his course at Brugelette, Belgium. The following year he began his Theology at Laval. Here he received Tonsure and Minor Orders during the ember-days of September, and Sub-deaconship, Deaconship and Holy Priesthood, at the close of his fourth year of Theology, in the early part of the year 1852. The next year was spent in the exercises of the third probation in the house of our Lady of Liesse, at Laon. On his return to America, he was employed for the eight ensuing years, now at St. Mary's College, Montreal, now at Fordham, now at St. Francis Xavier's, New

York City, at one time as professor, at another as prefect of studies, but for the most part as chief disciplinarian. Then followed a seven years' experience of the missionary life, Guelph being his residence for the first year, Chatham for the remaining six. He was then prefect again at Fordham for one year, Minister at Woodstock for another, operarius at Yorkville for a third, and for three more Superior at the last mentioned residence. This brings us to the year 1874, when he was appointed Rector of St. John's College, Fordham. It was in this position that he accomplished the crowning work of his life.

During the eight years immediately preceding the separation of New York and Canada, Father Gockeln had been consultor of the Mission, and he held the same post in the Province of New York Maryland until the expiration of his term of office as Rector of St. John's. At the time he became its Rector, the number of students was very large, but yielding to the strongly expressed desire of many well-meaning men an experiment was in process, the administration departing momentarily from the strict disciplinary regulations, and introducing the latitudinarian regime of secular establishments of learning. The experiment proved unsatisfactory. At this juncture, Fr. Gockeln was put in charge. His task was a very difficult one. He had to deprive the students of many privileges they had hitherto enjoyed. Necessarily there was a jar, and the feelings engendered were not harmonious. In six months time the old machinery was in perfect motion and the students departing for their summer vacation brought to their homes the pleasantest memory of the new Rector. The reputation of the College rose rapidly; his own conscience and the approval of others gave testimony that he had done well his work. From Fordham Father Gockeln was sent as prefect of schools to Worcester. He was then for a short while operarius in Jersey City, and finally, on the death of Father Cleary, was made Superior of St. Joseph's Residence, Providence, whence it pleased our good Lord to call him to Himself.—R.I.P.

Father Peter Paul Fitzpatrick.

From the *Catholic Mirror.*

Father Peter Paul Fitzpatrick, pastor of St. Ignatius' Church, corner of Calvert and Madison streets, died at Loyola College at 8.15 o'clock on the morning of the 10th of December from paralysis of the heart, in the forty-eighth year of his age. Father Fitzpatrick had contracted malarial fever during a Mission at St. Joseph's Church, and had been confined to his room for the previous three weeks. His death was

very unexpected, and caused much sorrow among his associates and the attendants of his church. The preceding night he appeared very cheerful and talkative; when he awoke in the morning he was the same. Shortly before eight o'clock he was suddenly attacked and expired. The Rev. Fathers Daly and Clarke, of Loyola College, were with him at the time of his death.

Father Fitzpatrick was born in Washington, June the 29th, 1839, and was educated at Gonzaga College, in his native city, and also at Mount St. Mary's, Emmitsburg. On December the 25th, 1856, he entered the Society of Jesus at Frederick, and completed his novitiate. Thence he proceeded to Washington, and was a professor at Gonzaga College, and afterwards at Boston College, Boston. He taught the university classes at these institutions. In 1867 he began Philosophy in Georgetown under Fr. Gubitosi, and entered on his course of Theology at the opening of Woodstock College in 1869. In 1872 he was ordained a priest by Archbishop Bayley, and taught mental and moral philosophy in this city and Boston. Since 1872 he alternated between the two cities, and leaves a large number of friends in Boston as well as here. His sister is a Carmelite nun in the institution corner of Caroline and Biddle streets, and has been a superioress in Canada. Father Fitzpatrick was the pastor of St. Ignatius' Church, although he was under the Rev. Francis Smith, rector of Loyola College. He was a director of the Confraternity of the Sacred Heart, and was also connected with the Bona Mors Society. The news of his unexpected death was immediately carried to Cardinal Gibbons' residence, and in the morning, in company with the Very Rev. A. Magnien, president of St. Mary's Seminary, the Cardinal visited Loyola College to view the remains. He expressed deep regret at the sudden death of Father Fitzpatrick, who was always his close friend. A large number of the other clergy visited the house during the day. The classes at Loyola College were dismissed soon after the death was announced.

At half past ten on Monday morning the body was carried from the college into the church through the Calvert street entrance. The church was crowded by a large congregation, and the Loyola College boys were present in a body. The office for the dead was recited as soon as the coffin was placed before the sanctuary rail, and the lessons of the three nocturns were read by nine of the Fathers present. After Matins the Rev. F. A. Smith, S. J., Rector of Loyola College, began a low Mass of Requiem in keeping with the usual custom among the Jesuits. After Mass the venerable Mgr. McColgan, Vicar-General, preached a sermon from the text, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." He spoke of the office and dignity of the priesthood, and told how well Father Fitzpatrick had fulfilled his office of minister of God. His mem-

ory was held in benediction by all who knew him, and the light of his example will not be extinguished by the grave. The good he had done will live after him. He was a true Jesuit, which in itself is a sufficient eulogy, for the sons of Ignatius are distinguished for zeal for God's glory and the good of souls. As the Monsignor was about to begin his sermon, Cardinal Gibbons, who had just arrived from Washington, where he had been giving Confirmation, entered the sanctuary, attended by the Very Rev. A. Magnien, S.S., D.D., Rector of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, and the Rev. John S. Foley, D.D. After the sermon the Cardinal gave the absolution. The body at 1.30 P. M. was taken from Camden Station to Woodstock College. The faculty of Loyola College, and the Rev. Fathers Lee, Mc Coy and Mackall, together with the pall-bearers, a guard of honor from the Young Catholic Friends' Society, and a number of gentlemen from the city, went with the remains to Woodstock. The faculty and scholastics of Woodstock College, nearly two hundred in number, met the funeral at the top of the college hill, and accompanied the body to the beautiful little cemetery near by, where a number of Jesuits are buried. Every one in the funeral procession carried lighted candles, and the chanting of the *Benedictus* sounded very impressive through the dense fog that was about the hill at the time. The Rev. Father Smith, S. J., gave the final blessing at the grave.

Father Fitzpatrick was noted for gentleness of disposition and suavity of manners; zealous and untiring in attending the confessional, visiting the sick and giving missions, he endeared himself to a large circle of devoted friends, who will miss much his paternal care and sincerely mourn his loss.—R.I.P.

Father John T. Kuhlmann.

From the *Missouri Republican.*

Rev. John T. Kuhlmann, S. J., a prominent member of the Society of Jesus died on Thursday night Jan. 15th, at the St. Louis University, after a long and painful illness. Father Kuhlmann was born in Germany, March the 25th, 1821, and entered the Society of Jesus at Florissant, March the 12th, 1849. Subsequently he was engaged as professor in various colleges of the Order, as treasurer of the Novitiate, Florissant, and for the last seven years as Superior of St. Francis institution at the Osage Mission, Kas. About four weeks ago he was called to St. Louis, partly on business and partly to rest from his arduous labors and to recruit, if possible, his shattered health. His life had been despaired of for the last ten years, but his indomitable courage and strength of will carried him through several dangerous attacks of disease,

and up to the last he was a hard worker. He was on the point of starting again for his recent field of labor on Tuesday the 13th, and was induced, only as a matter of obedience to his Superiors, to remain a few days longer among his religious brethren at the university. During the course of that day he was seized with a fever and visited by the attending physician who immediately pronounced the case hopeless. On Wednesday morning he rose much refreshed, walked about the house during the day and had some interviews with one of the professors about mathematical questions, in which he was always deeply interested. Towards evening he relapsed again into a state of great weakness and before long was unable to breathe without the greatest difficulty. Death was evidently hurrying on apace. Told of his danger he answered, "Don't be alarmed." But when advised, as a precaution, to receive the last rites of the Church and make ready for his passage into eternity, he replied in the most business-like manner, "All right." The preparation was not difficult nor long. In the presence of several of his brethren the last Sacraments were administered to him, and before many hours he had passed to his reward.

He was a man of great singleness of purpose, looking to nothing but the good of religion and the glory of his Maker. He was a complete stranger to selfishness, devoted entirely to his duties, and accepted his prolonged sufferings not only with resignation, but with positive cheerfulness. The Society of Jesus will hold his name in benediction and long remember his sterling virtue and manly character. Death had no horrors for him, who had accustomed himself to look upon it only as the beginning of a better life, and it came so stealthily that its approach was scarcely perceived.

The funeral services took place in St. Xavier Church on Ninth street and Christy avenue, whence his remains were removed to the quiet little cemetery of the Jesuit Novitiate, near Florissant. There they were laid by the side of his friends and fellow-religious, amid the scenes of his former labors, to await the summons of the angel at the day of general resurrection. "May he rest in peace," is the prayer that will often be said over his grave by the young levites who are preparing in the novice home to continue the works that he began, but was unable to complete. "So dieth the just man, and no one taketh it to heart."—R.I.P.

Father Patrick H. Toner.

Twenty-eight years of unblemished life spent in the Society make up an enviable record. No human effort, however magnanimous in conception or perfect in execution, can rise to the plane of unselfish heroism, unless it draw its inspiration from God, its development from His sanction, and its fulfilment from His divine assistance. Throughout his entire life Father Toner made this truth his guiding principle. To the closing hour of his just career his strength and his success lay in the almost perfect abandonment of self to the pleasure and service of the divine Will.

He was born in Philadelphia on the 17th of March, 1841. Whilst yet a child his good mother was called to her reward and his earlier years were spent beneath the fostering care of a kind father and maternal aunt. Our first recollections of him date back to the year 1855, when St. John's Church, 13th and Chestnut streets, was still in possession of the Fathers of the Society. Young Toner, a slender, thoughtful youth of fourteen, was at that period, one of the sanctuary boys. Living in the immediate neighborhood of the church, he generously gave his gentle and assiduous service to the Fathers then serving that congregation. Four years passed on in this pious training for a higher and a holier sphere. Meanwhile, in 1857, he had completed a partial course in the central high school. Feeling himself called to a more perfect life, in the year above, he entered St. Joseph's College, then a flourishing institution of his native city. The two years that followed shaped out more distinctly the unwavering trend of his long cherished desire. The sole aim of his youthful ambition was to follow, by faithful imitation, the virtuous example of the good men who guided the destinies of the parish wherein he was born and nurtured. The hour came when a choice of life seemed urgent. To the casual observer he had not long reflected upon it, but they who knew him best were not surprised when on one July morning, nearly twenty-eight years ago, they heard that he had bidden adieu to home and turned his back on the glittering worldly prospect that loomed up before him, to seek a safer though a sterner pathway to the goal he sighed for. He was received as a novice early in July, 1859, and a month later, we find him in the novitiate, his future home for four happy years. Safe within the monastery walls his native virtues found congenial soil. Scrupulously exact in complying with the varied duties of a novice, he was at the same time unostentatious and retiring in the manner of his piety. His gentle offices of charity, his esteem of the minutest details of religious observance, his sincere expressions of well ordered affection,

and above all his utter disregard of the promptings of vanity and human respect, were valued helps that commanded the esteem and stimulated the emulation of his novice brethren. At the close of his probation he pronounced the simple vows of the Society on St. Ignatius' day, 1861. He came forth from the two years of trial with the desire of his youth intensified by what he had seen and learned in the novitiate. A holy ardor to perfect himself in literary and scientific attainments went hand in hand with the nobler aspirations of his soul to become a more observant religious. From his boyhood he had heard of the harvest of souls and the husbandmen who go out to gather it in. He had read of the hapless fate of unfortunate myriads made eternally miserable by the seductive snares and specious sophisms of a wicked world. With his soul aflame with holy ambition to avert similar evils from those who were soon to sit down at his feet to learn, he stored his mind with treasures that heaven alone could give, never forgetting however, that human science directed by heavenly wisdom must necessarily engage in the struggle against ignorance, vice and prejudice. With sentiments such as these filling and animating his soul he went out of his four years retirement to the field of his first active service. Loyola College, Baltimore, became the arena of his successful labors as professor. For six successive years he worked manfully, and all the more so, in that he loved his work. From rudiments to rhetoric his pupils followed him and recognized in him a conscientious tutor and a valued friend. Not alone his head, but his heart too engaged in the every day toil of the class room. To the scholars of slow intellect he showed an unruffled patience that added comfort and encouragement to unsuccessful endeavor. To the more brilliant he pointed out higher achievements, and ceased not his efforts until they were successfully crowned. Wherever he taught, his memory lives, and hundreds of his old pupils will hear of his death, with unfeigned regret.

Father Toner was among the first students who entered Woodstock College. He was present at the inaugural ceremonies in September, 1869, and entered immediately on the first year of philosophy. He finished a three years' course with eminent distinction, and began his theological studies in 1872. He was ordained priest in April, 1875, and continued his studies until June, 1876. His first mission as priest was at Loyola College, where he taught rhetoric and higher mathematics for one year. He was transferred to Boston College in 1877, but he was not robust enough to withstand the rigor of a northern climate. From 1878 to 1882, he filled various posts of trust and honor in Washington, Frederick and Woodstock. In the latter year, he was appointed assistant pastor of St. Lawrence's church, eighty-fourth street, New York. We may judge of Fr. Toner's valuable services

to the parish by this one word of Fr. Merrick's touching discourse on the morning of the funeral: "He was my right arm." The venerable Father Gockeln, late pastor of St. Joseph's, was buried on the 29th of November last. Two days later Father Toner came to take charge of the parish. His departure from New York was hasty and he arrived in Providence at night, thinly clad and thoroughly chilled. A deep-seated cold at once developed itself. He placed himself under the care of a skilful physician whose unremitting services brought but a temporary relief. The days and weeks passed on yet Fr. Toner attended all the community exercises. Early on Friday morning, January 14th, whilst preparing for Mass, he was seized with a violent chill. The physician was summoned immediately and pronounced his illness pneumonia. The collapse was sudden and totally unexpected. The last Sacraments were administered at noon on Saturday by Fr. Hamilton, and at 3 o'clock, the patient became unconscious. He lingered until 6.30 P. M. when he breathed out his pure spirit into the hands of his Maker. No murmur, nor regretful sigh welled up from his trusting heart, when told that human skill and earthly love could not avail to save him. He feared not the ordeal of the passage from present short-lived joy to eternal bliss. The pure snow that fell upon his grave as we left him in Holy Cross cemetery, was voiceful emblem of his unsullied life. To his brethren of the Society the words *Dilectus Deo et hominibus* will be always associated with the remembrance of the good priest, Patrick Henry Toner.—R.I.P.

Brother Sebastian Imfeldt.

On the 20th of November, 1886, the remains of Brother Sebastian Imfeldt were reverently placed in their last resting-place in the small cemetery at Spring Hill. Born at Ulrich in the German Canton of Wallis in Switzerland, in 1820, he spent the first forty-one years of his life in his native place. In 1861, he came over to Spring Hill with Fr. Imsandt, where, with the exception of two or three years spent at Mobile, he remained from the time of his arrival to his death. Before as well as after his entrance into the Society he was remarkable for his silence and love of solitude and for his methodical and punctual habits. Before his entrance into the Society his love for solitude led him to rent a farm, which he worked all alone and upon which he lived in quiet retirement. True to his former habits he died as quietly as he had lived. He contracted a sore throat which was accompanied by a cough. In a way unknown to all this provoked a shock of some nature to his heart, which already for years had caused him

trouble. He passed away quickly and quietly, on the morning of the 19th of November.—R.I.P.

Father Thomas Finegan.

Father Finegan was born May the 14th, 1799, and spent his early years at White Marsh, Md. He entered the Novitiate at that place Feb. 5th, 1815. He taught various classes at Georgetown College from 1817 until the latter part of 1820, when, on the opening of the Seminary in Washington, he began the study of theology under the celebrated Fr. Anthony Kohlman. Obliged by ill health to interrupt his studies at the end of the second year, he tried a year of teaching at Georgetown College, but without benefit.

After two years of complete rest at White Marsh, he was able to resume teaching and to prepare himself for ordination at the hands of Archbishop Maréchal, Sept. the 25th, 1827.—A portion of the next year he spent as assistant at Trinity Church, Georgetown. In 1828, he was sent to St. Inigo's to assist Fr. Joseph Carbery, and continued to labor on that mission until 1832, when his health failed completely. He remained at St. Inigo's until the old residence was destroyed by fire in 1872, when he was sent to Conewago, Pa., where he resided until his death, January the 23rd, 1887.—R.I.P.

VARIA.

Apostleship of Prayer.—According to the Spanish Messenger of February, 1886, there are in the whole world about 38,770 local centres directed by 36 superior centres ; of these last 15 are in Europe, 3 in Asia, 2 in Oceanica, 7 in North America and 9 in South America. There are 18 *Messengers* published : 4 in Spanish (Spain, Central America, Mexico, Venezuela), 3 in English (England, United States and India), 2 in Italian (Rome and Naples), 2 in German (Innspruck and Cincinnati), 1 in French, 1 in Bohemian, 1 in Flemish, 1 in Dutch, 1 in Portuguese, 1 in Polish and 1 in Hungarian.—On account of the expatriation of the Fathers who edited the Central American Messenger it is published at present in the United States of Columbia.—To the above list may be added the Messenger of Australia, published in English.—The Mexican Messenger begins this year a new series under the direction of Fr. Rivas.

Brazil.—Anchieta College at Nova Friburgo, has 37 scholars in actual attendance ; 4 or 5 more are expected. For this place this is a real success. Hopes are entertained of having a full house for the next opening of schools. Vacation will begin in February and end in March. This year but a month's rest will be taken. Accommodations can be had for only 70 boys, while the new house is going up. Five new priests went away on the 8th of October to Rio Janeiro, and probably some of them will return in a month or two.

Comillas.—The work on the Seminary of Comillas is going along prosperously. Three hundred and twenty workmen are continuously engaged on it. It is calculated that the cost of the College buildings will be more than 8,000,000 reals ; however, on account of the proximity of the building material it will not cost us more than 5,000,000 reals. The whole expense is paid by the religious family of López. When the Pope received the photograph of the Seminary in a beautiful album, which is valued at 8,000 dollars, he said, 'Truly this is a great work in which I see no fault. I take it under my immediate protection, and I desire that for the future it be under the direction of the Society of Jesus.' His Holiness then wrote a letter to the Marquis of Comillas thanking him for the good he was doing, and told those who were about him : 'The work is far too great for a mere letter ; it merits a Brief, which I myself shall write.' And, in truth, the building is magnificent. It is more than 100 meters in length, by 67 in breadth ; it has four towers, two of which are 50 meters high. In the middle of these towers rises a monument on which is placed a statue of the Immaculate Conception, the pedestal of which will be a star that will serve as a beacon-light and will be seen at a distance of more than 30 leagues. The pedestal bears the anagram '*Stella Maris.*'

England.—Frs. Edmund Campian, Alexander Briant and Thomas Cottam were beatified by a Decree of the Congregation of Sacred Rites, issued December the 29th, 1886. The honorary degree of D. Sc. has been conferred by the Senate of the Royal University of Ireland upon Fr. Perry, S. J. Fr. George Porter, S. J. has been appointed by His Holiness, the Pope, Archbishop of Bombay. Fr. Porter was very much regretted in London and the people to testify their esteem gave him Archiepiscopal ornaments to the value of about £2,000 and some £500 in money for his journey etc. The new Rector at London is Fr. James Hayes ; another important change is that of Fr. Francis Scoles, who is appointed Rector of the novitiate. Fr. Morris is very busy with the lives of our newly Beatified English Martyrs.—*Slough.* The

Province of Paris has about 40 novices at Slough. It is surprising that there are so many vocations in the midst of the persecutions they are suffering. Among them are many old students from our Colleges. Eleven are from our College at Mans; this College has given many subjects, whilst St. Ignatius', at Paris, has given only one. The French College at *Canterbury* has 230 pupils.

Enghien, Belgium.—Fr. Sengler, Provincial of Champagne, has bought the buildings of an old monastery in Enghien, in which he is about to start a new scholasticate for his Province. The building was, until a few years ago, an ecclesiastical college, having at the time of its suppression by the liberal government about 300 pupils. After the expulsion of the priests who conducted it, it became the property of the municipal government, which found it a very useless acquisition and was delighted to get rid of it. It was bought for 80,000 francs. Before buying it, however, Fr. Van Reeth, Provincial of Belgium, at the instance of Fr. Sengler, visited the Ministers of the government and other influential personages in order to sound the dispositions of the government with regard to the Jesuits. After finding that it would make no difficulties, the purchase was made.

Exaeten, Holland.—Up to 1885 the philosophers of the German Province were at Blyenbeck, Limbourg, Holland; but the building being too small they transferred thither the novitiate, and the philosophers replaced the novices at Exaeten. Formerly Exaeten was a castle of modest dimensions and appearance, composed of two main buildings. One of these was demolished and rebuilt and has now become the kitchen, refectory and dwelling-rooms of the philosophers. The other is used for class-rooms. The writers and the library have a special building to themselves which makes a continuation of the philosophers' department. Their prolonged exile does not dishearten the Fathers; their Province is prosperous, vocations are numerous, their writers are successful, and their *operarii* are kept busy even in Prussia. The situation of the novitiate at Blyenbeck, the juniorate at Wijnandsrade, and the scholasticate at Exaeten gives them an opportunity of making missionary incursions into Germany without remaining there any length of time.

Fiesole.—Fr. Blanchard, Assistant of France, is convalescent (24th of Oct.) and he will be able to resume his work in the spring. The *Civiltà Cattolica* is still published at Florence. Rev. P. Anderledy, dicebat Rev. P. Mourier, vestem paupertate sicut vetustate nitentem gerit, quam ipse propriis manibus semper reficit, frustra enim speraret si eam aliis traderet quod ipsi eam restituerent—aliunde mirum in homine labori extra modum incumbente.

Fordham.—The Parthenian Sodality of St. John's College celebrated its semi-centennial anniversary on Feb. the 2nd, 1887. This sodality was established in St. Mary's College, Kentucky, in 1837, and is therefore, ten years older than St. John's College. The 2nd of February saw the completion of the fiftieth and the beginning of the fifty-first year of its existence. Fr. Chazelle, Rector of St. Mary's College, was the first Director. He was succeeded by Fr. Legouais, under whom it was transferred from Kentucky to New York. Among its list of Directors appear the names of Fr. Bernard O'Reilly, Fr. Smarius, Fr. Larkin, Fr. Gresselin, Fr. Ronayne and Father Meagher. Among the list of Prefects are Fr. Driscol, S. J., Fr. John Ryan, S. J., Fr. W. Hill, S. J., Fr Gockeln, S. J.; and among the members a long list of Ecclesiastics, Lawyers, Statesmen, Physicians and distinguished Literary men. That the day might be made memorable, the three divisions of the Sodality, with the aid of other students, erected a statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary of heroic size in the common ground behind the students chapel. The order of exercises for the day was Mass, Communion, Reception of Members at 6.30 A. M. by Rev. T. J. A. Freeman, Director of the Sodality. At 9 o'clock Solemn High Mass by Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J., of the College; Unveiling and Blessing of the statue by Rev. R. W. Brady, S. J., Vice-Provincial; and *Magnificat* by the whole College. At 3 o'clock, P. M., Literary and Musical celebration in the Study Hall, and lastly, Sermon by

the Rev. D. A. Merrick, S. J., and at 6 P. M. Solemn Benediction by the Rev. M. Flynn, S. J., Chaplain.

Fr. Strassmaier.— Fr. Strassmaier was present at the seventh Oriental Congress, held at Vienna, and laid before the Congress about 560 inscriptions of Nabonidus, a portion of a collection of 1200 inscriptions which he is preparing for publication. From the magnificent results he has already given in the publication of the inscriptions of Warka, presented at the 5th Congress of Berlin, and of the Contract Tablets of the Museum of Liverpool, given at the 6th Oriental Congress of Leiden, we may judge of the value of his contributions to the Austrian Session. The Liverpool inscriptions contain tablets from the time of Nebuchadnezzar to Darius, including, besides the tablets of the above-mentioned Nabonidus, Neriglissor, Evil Merodach, Cambyses, and Cyrus.

Louvain.—In the third volume of Ray's "Historia Plantarum" there is a list of plants collected in the Island of Luzon by Fr. George Joseph Camilli, who died, after a life spent for the most part in the Philippines, at Manilla, May the 2nd, 1706. Linnaeus commemorated him in the genus Camillia and the introduction of this well-known plant into Europe is attributed to him. The MS. transmitted by Camilli to Ray was accompanied by a large number of drawings, part only of which Ray seems to have been able to afford the expense of publishing. The *Comptes Rendus* of Société Royale de Botanique de Belgique for October the 9th, 1886, says that the whole of the drawings still exist in a folio volume in good preservation in the library of the Jesuits' College at Louvain. It contains 257 autograph plates, with 556 figures of plants and three plates with nine figures relating to zoology. It was purchased at the sale of the library of Antoine Laurent de Jussieu (Feb. the 6th, 1858), and presented to our College by Count Alfred de Limminghe.

Madura.—At Trichinopoli the Hindoos have founded a national college in order to withdraw their young compatriots from the influence of European education. The Protestant school is nearly deserted ; that of our Fathers has lost nearly a hundred pupils.

Malta.—A member of a Religious Order came to see Brother Polizzi, by whom, to his great surprise, he was received with unequivocal signs of coolness and indifference. Those present thought that perhaps the holy novice wished to chide the visitor for his curiosity. But the monk prudently shortening his visit, retired to another room, where he said to the Novice-Master that after all he could see no extraordinary gifts of any kind in that young man. The Novice-Master privately questioned Br. Polizzi why he behaved so strangely towards that good religious. "How could I," answered he, "behave otherwise with a religious, who carried in his pockets jewels, valuable trinkets and a letter soliciting his dismissal from his Order?" The poor monk on being acquainted with the true reason of his cool reception, confessed with tears that the revelation was but too true. In recreation Br. Polizzi is easy and natural. If by chance any mention is made of the wonders relating to him, he will immediately begin to talk of something else.—*From a letter of Fr. De Bonis, St. Beuno's College.*

Madagascar.—Peace having been concluded between France and this country, the missionaries were allowed to return to their former stations. The Prime Minister gave orders that they should be well received by the authorities of the villages through which they were to pass. On the 19th of March, the first body of missionaries set out upon their return. On the 1st of April, Fr. Lacombe wrote from the capital that they had been joyfully welcomed by the Christians, and had not received a single mark of disrespect from any one. Two weeks later, worn out by excitement and fatigue, this good Father was called to his reward. On the 5th of April Mgr. Cazet arrived from France, bringing with him a Scholastic and Brother, and six Brothers of the Christian Schools. He was received by the Governor of the Hovas with salvos of artillery, and was shown every mark of honor and esteem. During the enforced absence of the missionaries the Catholic Union, composed of young men selected from the natives, did much to supply their

place. They were nobly assisted by Victoire, the daughter-in-law of the Prime Minister, about whom so much was written during the war. The moral and material losses are being restored by degress. Two of the houses of the Sisters were pillaged and one was destroyed. Three country churches were burned. At the beginning of July, the school at Tanarive, the capital, numbered a hundred and twenty young men between the ages of seventeen and twenty-eight. On the 29th of July a Latin class was formed from which the Fathers hope to obtain members for the priesthood.

Mexico.—"His Grace, Archbishop Arciga, of Michoacan, has made great efforts to have our Fathers take charge of our ancient College of Patzcuaro. He offers to give us full proprietorship of the College, which is fitted up with all that is necessary : library, class furniture, dormitory, refectory, chapel, etc. Moreover, he offers on the same terms the church of the Society, which is adjoining the College. A short time ago his Grace went to Mexico to arrange some matters pertaining to his Archbishopric, and made it his express business to speak to Fr. Provincial and to beg him to accept the foundation offered. Fr. Provincial thanked him for his good will and his desire to favor us, but said that for the present he could not accept of the College, as the Province was in very great want of subjects and had scarcely enough of teachers to fill the three Colleges we are at present conducting. With like urgency Bishop Salinas of Durango presses on Fr. Provincial a foundation in his Episcopal City. He makes similar offers but the same excuses are made as to the Archbishop. You see, dear Father, what need our poor Province has of more members. Would to God there were in the Province where you are some who would be willing to come and labor here ! When you come back (an event not far distant now) do not come alone ; bring with you at least half a dozen laborers for the Lord's vineyard in Mexico. Vocations here are diminishing."—*Extract from a letter of J. M. Lemus, S. J. to Fr. La Cerda.*

Missionaries.—In 1885, 109 Missionaries died throughout the world, of these 33 were Jesuits, 33 belonged to the Society of Foreign Missions, 8 were Oblates of Mary Immaculate, 14 belonged to the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, the rest were of various Orders and Congregations. — *Catholic Missions.*

Navarre.—Last year the city of Pampeluna was threatened with the cholera. The people made a vow to go as pilgrims to the castle of St. Francis Xavier and were saved from the terrible scourge. The 4th of March was fixed for the pilgrimage, which was conducted with the greatest solemnity. At 10.30 o'clock High Mass was sung in the open air under a sky which, though threatening in the morning, cleared up beautifully for the time of Mass. The Provincial Deputies addressed to the Holy Father the following telegram : "12,000 pilgrims, gathered at Xavier under the direction of the Deputation of Navarre, send to your Holiness a testimony of their love and adhesion to the teaching of the Holy See."—*Letters of Ucles.*

New Mexico.—As priests were needed in the Mission, Fr. Superior determined to give up our residence at La Junta (Tiptonville). Everything had been arranged with the Archbishop ; but before any official action had been taken, the report that Ours were to leave spread among the people. When Fr. Superior arrived with the French priest who was to take charge of the parish, he was met by the villagers *en masse*, who presented a petition signed also by the people of the neighboring villages requesting us to continue among them. Next day Fr. Superior changed his decision to the great joy of the people of La Junta, who raised a collection in order to have a solemn high Mass sung in thanksgiving. Fr. Superior sang the Mass in honor of the Sacred Heart.— Our College at Las Vegas is full ; it has 84 boarders. New buildings will be begun this spring. Morrison College also has all the students it can accommodate ; 20 boarders were refused on account of want of room.

New York.—Very Rev. Fr. Provincial sailed from New York on the 26th of Nov. and reached Cork on the 4th of December. He was announced in Dublin as Visitor of the Irish Province on the 5th of the same month. He

is expected back in the United States about the beginning of April. During his absence Fr. R. W. Brady is Vice-Provincial.

Paris.— *A miraculous cure obtained at the tombs of Fathers Olivaint, de Bengy, Ducoudray, Clerc and Caubert.* "Our son Joseph Beauchesne, sixteen years and a half old, was at St. Joseph's school, Versailles. On the 3rd or 4th of January, 1886, he happened to fall on the ice. We did not then foresee the serious consequences which this fall was to have; we thought that a few days of rest would be sufficient to restore him to health. But we were mistaken. From this day he suffered from severe head-aches, and pains in the region of the heart. Every day about three or four o'clock in the afternoon, a nervous attack came on accompanied with suffocation, during which attack we were obliged to keep the boy in an erect position. Dr. Royer, of Versailles, whom we consulted, pronounced the case a beginning of hypertrophy of the heart, the development of which was abnormal. This diagnosis was confirmed a month after, by Dr. Labrie, one of the physicians of the hospital for sick children at Paris. But neither one nor the other of these gentlemen paid any attention to what we told them about that nervous attack, which according to us must have a cause foreign to the disease of the heart; for outside of the time of the attack Joseph experienced neither suffocation nor choking, either in walking or in mounting the stairs.

The treatment prescribed by the doctors was scrupulously followed with alternatives of better and worse until last August. At that time the state of the sick boy became worse, he passed the nights without sleep, his appetite diminished, he became thin and his character grew morose and peevish. The nervous attack came once every day exactly at 3 o'clock and drew forth cries of agony and pain. The average duration was from ten to fifteen minutes. We then consulted Dr. Liégard, one of the physicians of the College of the Immaculate Conception at Vaugirard, formerly attached to the medical corps of marines. This Doctor, to whom we related the above-mentioned facts and the treatment prescribed by Doctors Royer and Labrie, was especially struck by the periodical return of the nervous attack. After having seen the boy during one of these attacks, he concluded that the disease was not hypertrophy of the heart, but a clearly prounounced case of neurosis. He declared that this neurosis was difficult to cure because it was periodical. However, he prescribed a treatment, which we carefully followed. The treatment was far from bringing any relief. The nervous attack which occurred every day at 3 o'clock increased in duration and violence. His suffering was so great that the boy for half an hour or three quarters lay writhing in an agony of pain. From the 8th or 9th of September, Dr. Liégard ordered a more energetic treatment, but without success. The disease grew worse. The nervous attack lasted an hour and a half. It seemed that he had reached the critical period. Hysteria might come on and the worst was to be feared.

Despairing of human science, we had the happy thought of asking of God the cure of our child through the intercession of the Jesuit Fathers martyred during the commune. We began a novena at their tombs on the 14th of September, 1886. From this day the pains increased in violence. The sufferings were almost without interruption. Up to this time the mornings had been good, but now no more sleep, no more appetite. On the 14th and 15th of September, the attack lasted two hours and a half. On the 16th, the Doctor visited the boy during the attack, and he himself tied the boy to his bed. On that day the attack lasted only three quarters of an hour, but the sufferings were the same. The Doctor seemed discouraged. He prescribed almost reluctantly a calming potion, and counselled us to have recourse to hydropathy. In order that this treatment might be the better carried out he directed us to the establishment of the Brothers, rue Oudinot. Joseph however, did not follow this treatment, because the Brothers had no hydropathic apparatus in their house. On the 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th and 21st, we continued our pious pilgrimage to the rue de Sévres. A visible improvement takes place in the state of the sick boy. The nervous attack, although coming on every day at 3 o'clock, lasts now only twenty or thirty minutes. Our faith in God and our confidence in the merits of the Jesuit martyrs increase every day. On the 22nd of September, the last day of the novena, we received Holy Communion, and went afterwards to the tombs of the

martyred Fathers. There, after our accustomed prayers, Joseph declared to us that he was completely cured; the last trace of the pain he had always felt in the region of the heart had disappeared. On that same day, we went to visit Dr. Liégard. With heartfelt emotion he listened to the recital of the cure of our son, and testified himself to his cure. Since that time we have seen the Doctor again, and especially on the 23rd of October. He will make a scientific statement of the disease he has treated. We leave it to him to draw the conclusion of a cure so radical and so unforeseen by him.

We are now on the 28th of October; the malady has left no trace. Out of gratitude for this cure obtained through the intercession of the Jesuit Fathers Olivaint, de Bengy, Ducoudray, Clerc and Caubert, at their tombs on the 22nd of September, 1886, and to give thanks to God, the author of all good, we make the present statement signed by our son Joseph, and by us his father and mother.

Paris, October the 28th, 1886, E. Beauchesne, 326 Rue de Vaugirard, etc."

Peru—*Lima, Peru, Oct. 28th*, 1886.—"Six months ago, one of the Jesuit Fathers, Cappa, wrote and published a little text-book on Peruvian history for his classes, in which the private lives and characters of the noted men who achieved independence for South America and especially for Peru, were touched upon in a depreciatory spirit, and reflections made which coming from a Spaniard could not fail to irritate Peruvian feelings. An outcry was instantly raised, and then the enemies of the Order saw and grasped their opportunity. The Masons, whose increasing influence had been steadily combatted by the Jesuits; the directors and professors of private schools, whose halls were deserted for those of San Pedro, and a number of the University students imbued with that hostile feeling towards anything religious that seems to prevail amongst a certain class to-day—all these joined hands and brought about a crisis. Congress was appealed to and the execution of the law of 1855 demanded. A counter current, led by the best people of the city, the most distinguished matrons, and the religions of all classes, set in. The doors of the Government palace were besieged by these applicants for clemency, but the force brought to bear by their antagonists was too great. Congress passed an act ordering the President to enforce the law, and the Jesuits were immediately called upon to deliver over the property occupied and to dismiss their pupils. The scene was touching in the extreme. Early this morning the Fathers called their pupils together and bade them a tearful adieu. The courtyards and reception rooms of the College were thronged with the parents of the children; the immense church of San Pedro was filled with the weeping faithful, listening, for the last time, to the trembling voice of their friend and pastor. A blessing alike was given to children and congregation, and the good Fathers for the third time shake the dust off their feet and bid farewell to a country where, whilst religious liberty is proclaimed, the best and truest exponents of the Catholic faith are declared interlopers and their holy offices forbidden." — *Extract from a letter to the Georgetown Journal.*

Eleven of the Fathers departed for Ecuador, where at Quito, they have a flourishing College. One of them, Fr. Luis de la Rua, was greatly shocked by these misfortunes and died on reaching Guayaquil. Seven Fathers and seven Brothers at present (Nov. 15th) remain in the College, but are every moment expecting the worst. Carceres, the President, at one moment tells them to go and at the next to stay. This Carceres, at the time of the civil war between Peru and Chili, took refuge in one of our Colleges where he was cared for until he had completely recovered.

Philadelphia.—Services commemorative of the centennial anniversary of the death of Fr. Farmer, S. J. were held at St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia, on Sunday, December 26th. High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. John A. Morgan, S. J. The sermon by the Rev. James J. Bric, S. J., was on the growth of the Church in the United States, to which Father Farmer's 40 years of missionary work contributed in no small degree. The American Catholic Historical Society were the promoters of this commemoration.

Rocky Mountains.— A mission, under the patronage of St. Francis Xavier, has been established among the Mountain Crow Indians, living on a Reservation in the southern part of Montana Territory. Fathers Prando

and Peter Bandini, both experienced missionaries, left Helena, M. T., on Jan. 26th, 1887, accompanied by two young men, one a recent convert, who have offered to share in the founding of the mission. The spot selected is in a valley between the Big and Little Horn Rivers. For the present a tent will have to serve as chapel, school and house, as there are no funds for building. This tribe is over 3,000 in number, and hitherto has had no resident missionary, but has been visited from time to time by Fathers Barcelo and Prando.—On December 8th, C. Mackin and B. Feusi were ordained priests in the church of our Lady of Lourdes (S. J.), Spokane Falls, by Bishop Junger, of Nesqually.

Rome.—The demolishers have expelled Ours from the novitiate of San Andrea. A new street is to be made, which will necessitate the destruction of that part of the novitiate in which the room of St. Stanislaus is located. Influences of various kinds have been brought to bear on the Government, but to no purpose ; even petitions from the first ladies of Poland had no effect. Finally, it has been determined to move the whole room by American methods, as they are called, to the church of the old novitiate.—On the first of November Fr. Liberatore celebrated the Jubilee of his priesthood. Three Cardinals were present at dinner : Cardinal Mazzella, Cardinal Howard, Cardinal Parocchi ; moreover, a letter from Cardinal Jacobini was read congratulating Fr. Liberatore in the name of the Holy Father. — February 8th, was the 93rd birthday of our much beloved and very Reverend Father General Beckx. The day was solemnly celebrated in the German College. It was a pleasant contrast to a few years ago, when in this same refectory, where to-day so many Jesuits and all the alumni of the German College chanted songs of congratulation to the General of the Society, Garibaldi feasted his friends and followers with many a curse and execration on this same Society.

Spain. — The body of St. Francis Borgia, till now in possession of his family, has been given to us. It will be placed in our large College near Madrid. —The buildings at Loyola will be finished before the next Feast of St. Ignatius. The University of St. Joseph, from which great good is expected, was opened this year ; about 90 students presented themselves. The Spanish Messenger is succeeding beyond expectation : within three years the subscriptions have increased 12,000, owing in great measure probably to the charming writings of Fr. Coloma.

St. Louis, Mo.—A Catholic club has recently been organized under the guidance of Fr. James Hoeffer. The object of the club is to unite the representative Catholic gentlemen of the city socially and for the furtherance of Catholic interests. It is called the Marquette club in honor of Fr. Marquette. Its first meeting took place in the Debating Hall of St. Louis University and was attended by some of the most prominent laymen among the Catholics of St. Louis.—On Christmas the prisoners of the City jail had the unusual privilege of assisting at the celebration of High Mass, which was celebrated by Fr. Van Krevel. Seventeen of the prisoners received Communion. — Fr. F. J. Boudreaux has published a seventh revised edition of his *Happiness of Heaven*, which has been received on every side with the praises it deserves.

Syria.—In the mission of Syria there are under the supervision of Ours 64 schools for primary instruction. During the past year there were 5269 pupils in attendance, of whom 3454 were boys under 80 teachers, and 1815 girls under 44 teachers, mostly native religious. If means were at hand many more schools might be opened and the pernicious efforts of Protestants checked or nullified. At present, almost superhuman efforts have to be made to raise funds enough to support schools in the districts most exposed to heretical influence. Though it takes but the paltry sum of $50 a year to support a religious, and a proportionate amount to pay a secular teacher, it is simply out of the question to gratify all those who would willingly see a Catholic school in their midst.—*Relations d'Orient.*

Tchang-kia-tchouang. — Fr. Firmin Chen, of Tchang-kia-tchouang relates the following. In one of the Christian communities, a young girl, 15 or 16 years of age, had a suicidal bent of mind. She had already tried

several times to take her life, so that she was afterwards closely watched. Fr. Chen gave her some St. Ignatius water, and she was completely cured of her folly.

Washington, D. C. — Gonzaga College has begun an annual course of lectures this year. Fr. Richards lectured on *The Eye, a Model of Design;* Fr. J. F. O'Conor, on *Egyptian Picture Writing and Cuneiform Inscriptions* — both of Woodstock. Fr. Connolly, our Professor of Elocution, lectured on *Oratory.* The other lectures were by Mr. Spillane and Father Mc Goldrick of the College.

Western Bengal. — About three or four years ago some Fathers of the German Province established a mission in the Sunderbunds, the swampy almost uninhabitable country near the mouth of the Ganges. Amid sufferings chiefly occasioned by the unwholesome climate, nothing but their heroic zeal for the salvation of the natives could have sustained them. But God has blessed their labors with the desired fruit. Scattered through 29 poor villages the Catholics at present number about 1500. During the year preceding the 1st of August, 1886, 57 children and 7 adults were baptized, while 14 Protestants were received into the Church. Small as these results may appear, they are nevertheless highly satisfactory; for if we consider all the difficulties of missionary life in these swamps, we must wonder at the energy and endurance of the two priests, Frs. Maene and Bankaert, who bear the full burden of all the labors in this vast district. The following extract from Fr. Maene's letter will give some idea of their situation. "When I began this letter, I was called from the central station of our mission, Moropai, to the farthest village, Khari. To reach it I shall have to go by boat seven hours. We are in the rainy season, and may receive a drenching any moment. The whole country from Calcutta to the sea is one extensive lake. The rice fields, the sole wealth of our natives, which but lately formed impenetrable thickets, the haunt of the Bengal tiger, are all under water. To such long and perilous voyages must be ascribed the missioner's inability to labor with as much success, as those who are confined to one single place." A school has been opened for boys, and there is every reason to hope, that of the 60 children now receiving instruction, many, on their return home, will give great assistance to the missionaries in catechizing the natives, and if God should grant any of them vocations to the priesthood, the success of this mission will be certain. Fr. Maene thus concludes: "In fifteen of our villages we have nothing but poor chapels with thatch roof and open front and sides. At Moropai we have just erected a small church, but it is likely to be left minus floor and ceiling. Of our own house I have nothing to say; it is a miserable hut of mud and straw. Let us first build the house of God, and think of ourselves last of all." — *Katholische Missionen.*

Zambesi.—Fr. Weld has arranged to open a new Novitiate at Graaf Reinet. It is intended to prepare workmen for the Mission. Fr. Daignault, formerly a student at Woodstock, who has been Superior of Lower Zambesi, is the first Master of Novices. He began his work on Feb. 2nd with 4 Scholastic novices and 2 novice Brothers. His place at Quelimane will be filled by Father Victor Courtois. — It has been decided to give up the parishes there, and found two Industrial Schools or Reductions entirely for the blacks, by which greater fruit for souls is expected. Three new priests and some scholastics have been added to the number of missionaries. Good lay-brothers knowing some trade are still much needed.

Home News.—The *Autumn Disputations* took place Nov. 26th and 27th; the *Winter Disputations*, Feb. 11th and 12th.

DE VIRTUTIBUS INFUSIS. The *Defenders* were Fr. V. Chiappa and Mr. T. Brosnahan; the *Objectors*, Frs. A. M. Mandalari and H. W. Otting, and Messrs. A. Laure and J. Zwinge.

DE PŒNITENTIA, — *Defender*, Fr. P. Muset; *Objectors*, Messrs. A. Effinger and J. B. Kokenge.

Messrs. W. B. Brownrigg and C. Gillespie read Dissertations on Holy Scripture.

ETHICS, — *Defender*, Mr. E. Corbett; *Objectors*, Messrs. A. A. Ulrich and A. M. Fontan.

PSYCHOLOGY, — *Defenders*, Messrs. J. S. Hollahan and G. A. Pettit; *Objectors*, Messrs. J. A. Post, D. Hearn, J. P. Gonzalez, and F. B. Cassilly.

COSMOLOGY, — *Defenders*, Messrs. A. E. Mullan and M. A. Higgins; *Objectors*, Messrs. P. Murphy, F. J. Finn, J. W. Kuhlman and M. J. Coghlan.

LOGIC. — *Defender*, Mr. B. Otting; *Objectors*, Messrs. A. Porta and A. J. O'Connell.

Mr. T. A. McLoughlin read an essay on Aerial Navigation; Messrs. J. W. Kuhlman and M. A. Higgins gave the specimen in Mechanics; Mr. H. Casten explained the chemistry of the Alkali Metals, and Messrs. P. Murphy, H. Post and G. Rittmeyer made the experiments.

Our new church at Woodstock was formally opened on Sunday, January 2nd. Rev. Fr. Rector said the first Mass in it.

History of Christian Art, by Fr. Garucci. An article by Fr. J. F. X. O'Conor, in the October Number of the *American Catholic Quarterly* on Fr. Garucci's Christian Art has just appeared in pamphlet form. The article was written to carry out a wish of V. R. Father General that this work of one of the great archæologists of the Society, might be brought into more general notice and secure for such a valuable book a deservedly wide circulation. Cunningham and Son, of Philadelphia, have been entrusted with the agency of the work for the United States.

In the meeting of Orientalists, Fr. J. F. X. O'Conor was enrolled as member of the Seventh International Oriental Congress held at Vienna, under the auspices of the University. The explorer Bernard Maimon who brought from Babylon the cylinder of Nebuchadnezzar translated by Fr. O'Conor, and, who recently returned from a successful expedition with one thousand new objects, which now adorn the Royal Museum of Berlin, has offered to send to the same Father data of the discoveries which he expects to make in his present search at Babylon.

Fr. Devitt, our evening Professor of Dogma, gave on February the 14th, at Loyola College, in Baltimore, a lecture on *A Dark Chapter in the Catholic History of Maryland*, which at the request of Dr. John Gilmary Shea will be published in the next number of the *Catholic Historical Magazine*, of New York.

THEOLOGICAL ACADEMY—*Papers Read.*

Impeccability and Free Will of Christ reconciled . . . . Fr. A. J. Burrowes
Devotion to Mary consistent with the Silence of the Gospels . J. H. O'Rourke
Tradition . . . . . Fr. E. A. Magevney
Value of Words spoken in Holy Scripture by Persons other than the Inspired Authors . . . . . Fr. T. J. Gannon
The Resurrection of the Body . . . . . Fr. M. W. Shallo
Scriptural and Early Ecclesiastical Warrant for Catholic Devotion to Mary . . . . . J. P. Fagan
Merit treated as an Ethical Question and the Ethical Notions applied to the Supernatural Act . . . . . J. P. De Smedt
Eternal Perdition and its Recent Opponents . . . . . Fr. H. W. Otting
Formal Object of the Virtue of Penitence . . . . . Fr. J. H. Richards
The Act of Faith, and the last Reason why we Believe . . . . G. J. Lucas
The Epiphany . . . . . W. B. Brownrigg
Church and Labor Movement . . . . . M. Eicher
Doctrine and Development . . . . . T. Brosnahan
The Sanctity of the Church . . . . . S. Bueno

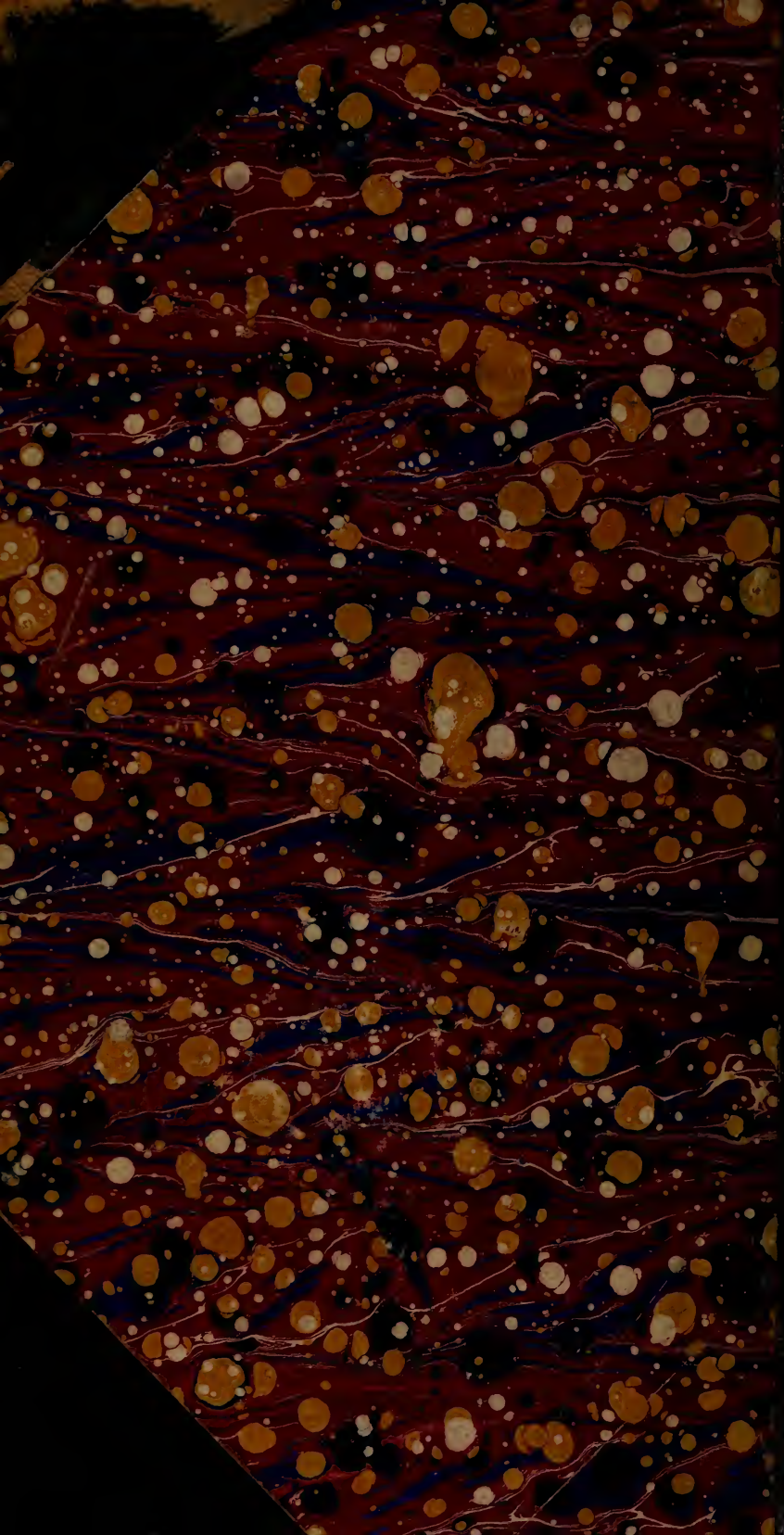
PHILOSOPHICAL ACADEMIES—*Papers Read.*

In the third year.

Evolution . . . . . M. D. Sullivan
Is Life Worth Living . . . . . J. H. Rockwell
Instinct and Intellect . . . . . J. J. Sennhauser
Darwinism . . . . . G. A. Pettit

Philosophy of Botany . . . . . J. P. Gonzalez
Spiritism . . . . . A. A Ulrich
Eternal Punishment . . . . . J. A. Post
Lying and Mental Reservation . . . . . J. F. Banks
Property . . . . . E. Corbett
Existence of God . . . . . D. Hearn
Agnosticism — Herbert Spencer on the Unknowable . . . . J. S. Hollohan

In the second year.

Quality . . . . . G. Rittmeyer
Judgments of Common Sense . . . . . D. Murphy
Goodness . . . . . A. Taillant
Thoughts and Speech . . . . . A. E. Mullan
Final Causes . . . . . J. M. Coghlan
The Theory of the Fortuitous Concourse of Atoms . . . . . F. J. Finn
The Beautiful . . . . . T. S. Herber
Certitude in Religion . . . . . H. T. Casten
Science . . . . . J. F. Dawson
The Finality of the World . . . . . A. J. Brown
Creation and Materialism . . . . . P. Murphy
Schelling and his System . . . . . J. W. Kuhlman
Kant and his Subjectivism . . . . . H. A. Post
Hegel and Transcendentalism . . . . . J. J. O'Hara
The Perfection and Unity of the World . . . . . G. C. O'Connell

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IN · MAGNA · RERVM · ADVERSITATE
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